

KING'S PRINCESS

Showing To-day

BOLIXED-UP BLUEPRINT FOR BUNGLED-UP MURDER!

THE HUSBAND THE FLIRT
THE SLEUTH THE VICTIM

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS
STEWART GRANGER · DONNA REED · GEORGE SANDERS

THE WHOLE TRUTH

Screenplay by JONATHAN LATIMER
Based on the play by Philip Macomber
Directed by JOHN GUILLERMIN A ROMULUS PRODUCTION

KING'S
Air Conditioned

To-morrow
SPECIAL MATINEES

At 11.00 a.m. Universal-International's
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

At 12.15 p.m. Marlon Brando in
"ON THE WATERFRONT"

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS

WEEK-END
SPECIAL MATINEES

To-day at 12.30 p.m. Mickey Rooney-Wendell Corey in "THE BOLD & THE BRAVE" C'Scope

To-morrow at 11.00 a.m. Paramount presents
POPEYE THE SAILOR & TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

To-morrow at 12.30 p.m. Debbie Reynolds in
"TAMMY & THE BACHELOR" CinemaScope & Techni.
Free 7-UP drinks To-morrow Morning Shows

Admission: 70 cts, \$1.00, \$1.50

AIR - CONDITIONED

STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THEY CALLED HIM...

THE LAST OF THE FAST GUNS

Color

JOCK MAHONEY · GILBERT ROLAND
LINDA CRISTAL · CLAUDE FRANZ · LORENE GREENE
CARL BENTON REED

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW * AT REDUCED PRICES

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX LATEST TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m. In CINEMASCOPE & COLOR
"INTERRUPTED MELODY"

CAPITOL RITZ

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

THE HILARIOUS COMEDY WITH THE VERY FORWARD LOOK!

CLARK DORIS GABLE DAY
TEACHER'S PET

GIG YOUNG · MAME VAN DOREN
Directed by DEIGHTON SEAGREN Story by DEIGHTON SEAGREN
Produced by DEIGHTON SEAGREN

CAPITAL RITZ
To-morrow Morning Show
At 12.30 p.m.
"BRUTE FORCE"

NEXT CHANGE
Dennis O'Keefe in
"LADY OF VENGEANCE"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

"Thought on the sign it is written: 'Don't pluck these blossoms—It is useless against the wind, which cannot read.'

I GAVE it long ago that Richard Mason's book, "The Wind Cannot Read," was crying out for film treatment, for apart from its romantic background, and the setting in India which the modern camera can exploit to the ultimate, the book had that one characteristic which above all others, makes it an outstanding example of what a story should be...it is sincere.

Now no matter what your personal opinion is, and no matter what views you bring to the film, it has recaptured that atmosphere of sincerity, You might have that blimp complex and agree with Penwick of the tale that Sabby is no more than a sleepless dictionary. Very well, you are entitled to that view, but you cannot set aside the sincerity of the film.

I first read the book eleven years ago, and at the time I asked myself, how much of this is true? The setting is of secondary importance, merely beautifully incidental to the film, but the romance itself is true, and I think something like it did take place, for a love story so full of authentic trivialities, things belonging to stolen nights of romance, cannot be made up "just out of your head."

Dick Bogarde, as Flight-Lieutenant Michael Quillan, steps nearer to the peak which must be his ultimately, as the world's leading romantic actor. It is not inconceivable that he will occupy that position once filled by Leslie Howard. Certainly in this film, his part calls for the most sensitive performance he has yet given. And he is equal to the demand, and his acting is the greater in that his role is balanced between scenes of appalling cruelty and his overwhelming love for the girl he has chosen as the tutor of his language class.

Yoko Tani, who takes over the role of "Sabby" is an accomplished actress in her own right. This Paris based Japanese girl brings the character of Sabby to life. "Sabby" of the book is a girl fully conversant with the Occidental way of life, yet she never loses her Oriental background.

If I interpret this rightly, it was this naive sophistication which fascinated the young RAF officer. And if I am right, it was Miss Yoko Tani's interpretation of this difficult role that led her to gain the universal acclaim of the London

critics. Yoko Tani was no nervous after the London premiere that she locked herself away, but the next morning's newspaper brought her the delicious delight of popular applause.

Only three times in England did sit in a crowded cinema, and the second time was set "The Wind Cannot Read," so on that account, with the confidence of public acclaim, I have no hesitation in telling you to put this film on your list. This film is going to be compared with the highly successful "Sayonara." Technically, to say the least, it is equal to all that film obtained, and "The Wind Cannot Read" now showing at the Lee and Astor has the advantage of placing within film some wonderful colour effects of the Taj Mahal. The film exploits such locations to the utmost, and the audience seems overwhelmed by the sheer beauty of the love story in such a setting.

Secondly, "The Wind Cannot Read," has a sincerity that was lacking in "Sayonara." You recall that the latter film, in order to obtain the maximum dramatic effect, portrayed the American Servicemen as many callous, brutal, into contact with a charming artistic people. Although not an American, I took umbrage at that.

The cruelty, the atrocities of the Japanese Army at war, cannot be forgotten or ruled out, just because Hollywood says so.

In "The Wind Cannot Read," Producer Betty Box faces the challenge of fact very boldly, and shows that in spite of the hell, cruelty brings to the lives of all people at war, there are some who find a very heaven against such a background. Yoko Tani and Dick Bogarde carry the film, but other parts I liked were played by Ronald Lewis, Penwick, and Anthony Bushell, as the Brigadier in charge of the language school. To speak of the incident which leap out of the film, and cause strong audience reaction would betray the producer's art, therefore I confine myself to saying that there are quiet moments in the film when the audience is lulled into the false security of imagining they are going along to the conventional climax, but terrific anti-climax incidents occur. This is purely technical, but worth pointing out to those who like to measure a film, and analyse the qualities which raise it above the ordinary. And this is such a film.

★ ★ ★
"THE Whole Truth," showing at the King's and Princess, is a murder and chase story, lifted out of the routine of such pictures, by a three star cast. The plot is unusual in that the audience is in the "know" right from the beginning, and kind of match their ideas with how it is to work out, with the script writer who has already thought his way through the difficulty.

As the obvious qualities of this film are with the cast let us see how they are arranged. George Sanders is back at the old business of being the absolutely ruthless end, redeemed this time by being one of these psychopathic cases who appear normal but are alarmingly not.

For part, I enjoyed his performance, and I do every performance Sanders has given. That so refined manner of expression, that quiet controlled gentlemanly way of saying the most audacious things certainly appeals to me.

Stewart Granger is the good boy...well...not too good, or he wouldn't have been in trouble, and the trouble is, he has loved well, but not wisely, and as a consequence, Nemesis catches up with him in the person of George Sanders, and there's trouble, trouble, all the way, until his lovely wife proves what many men refuse to admit, that she is a beautiful and still have brains.

Donna Reed is the beautiful wife of Stewart Granger and by as nice a bit of business I've seen in films for a time, she gets her undeserving husband out

of as nasty a mess as a man could be in.

Well, as I have already said, with these three stars leading the cast, they'd make a good film out of the worst script ever to emerge from the writer's block, but as a matter of fact, this is quite a good script.

The film is set in Japan on the Riviera, and most of it takes place at night among the shadows in old courtyards and narrow alleys.

The girl who gets herself murdered is Gianna Maria Canale, who in the short time she is seen by us, gives a most convincing scene as a temperamental actress.

After that scene, I could not see why they should call it murder just because someone killed her, but as a matter of fact she wasn't killed for that, but for the usual old reason.

A word while him, a bit conventional in style after the order of these fast moving thriller-killer films, but moved by one of the rules by three first class performances.

★ ★ ★
A FILM which absolutely strips the secret agent of any glamour, and removes

(Contd. on Page 3 Col. 1)

the romance of cloak and dagger is, "Orders to Kill," which is now showing at the Roxy and Broadway.

"Why?" asks the murdered man, as he falls from a clumsy blow delivered with a cold aimed by a frenzied agent who doubts whether he should kill.

This film unmasks the last glamour funk hole of man's inhumanity to man, and shows once and for all that the underworld men, no less than the infantrymen, are merely delegates of that mass hatred which fills the world from time to time.

"Orders to Kill" achieves greatness, not only by performance but by theme. The many young men of Britain rated it extremely high, and the port of Geno Summers by Paul Massie, who was acting on our amateur stage only a few years ago, was acclaimed both by critics and public.

Paul Massie, as first agent with orders to kill, and later as a man haunted by remorse, seeking absolution where it cannot be found, makes a wonderful debut into the film world.

Hoover at 11.30 a.m.
WALT DISNEY'S CARTOONS

Monday Morning Show
"DOCTOR AT SEA"

Lee & Astor
Booking Office 6777
72436

SHOWING TO-DAY
4 SHOWS AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE LOVE THAT WAS FORBIDDEN

THE SAME ORGANIZATION PRESENTS
THE LOVE THAT WAS FORBIDDEN

DIRK BOGDARDE · YOKO TANI

The WIND
cannot READ

John Fraser and Ronald Lewis

By ROBERT THOMAS
Directed by Robert Thomas
Produced by Robert Thomas

LEE THEATRE

To-morrow at 11.30 a.m.
WALT DISNEY'S CARTOONS

Monday Morning Show
"DOCTOR AT SEA"

ASTOR THEATRE
Morning Show To-morrow
At 11.00 A.M.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
At 12.30 P.M.
TEA AND SYMPATHY

HOOVER · PARAMOUNT
TEL. 72371 TEL. 54530

SHOWING TO-DAY

SAM GORDON · ALAN OLIVIA de HAVILLAND
PROUD REBEL
DEAN JAGGER · DAVID LADD
SAMUEL COLWELL · MICHAEL CURTIZ
An MGM Release
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE AT REDUCED ADMISSION
Hoover at 12.00 noon
Stewart Granger and Graciela Kelly in "GREEN FIRE"
Jeff Chandler and Julie Adams in "AWAY ALL BOATS"

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC
AIR CONDITIONED

SHOWING SIMULTANEOUSLY TO-DAY —
2.30—5.30—7.30 2.30—5.20—7.30
G. 9.30 P.M. G. 9.30 P.M.

GREGORY PECK
The BRAVADOS
COLOR BY DE LUXE CINEMASCOPE

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30
AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES
"D-DAY, the 6th JUNE" || "BABIES IN BAGDAD"

NEW IN KOWLOON

Quiet Surroundings, Easy to Reach

ENJOY FINEST EUROPEAN FOOD IN KOWLOON!
COFFEE LUNCHEON AFTERNOON TEA COCKTAIL BAR FULL WINE LIST
DINNER SUPPER DINE RINK DANCING MUSIC AIR CONDITIONED

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OTHER ENTERTAINERS
FROM 10 P.M. TO 12 MIDNIGHT
SERVICE DAY & NIGHT

HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE SATURDAY "MAIL" FOREIGN AND COMMONWEALTH NEWS DESK

FILMS

(Continued from Page 2)
Leslie French as the go-between under suspicion wins the sympathy of the audience. Everything about him seems odd and eerie. He warns Paul of the Gestapo raid; but the agent is denied any finer feelings.

A very fine scene is when Irene Worth bursts into a cold fury when Paul Maude breaks security. In bitter tones she warns him his is not to reason why, but to carry out orders. To murder in cold blood.

James Robertson Justice, as the chief instructor of the agents, seems to hold the theory, and with good purpose, that civilised men cannot be taught to murder. If they regard their victims as "human beings," "think of this man as a two-dimensional photograph in a file" he says.

This film has everything a film of this kind needs. A splendid cast, brilliant acting, moments of sustained suspense, but above all, the desperate and haunting doubts of men who are reduced to puppets once they cross the line between good and evil. Of such stuff is war made.

This film goes beyond that. It shows the scars seared upon the souls of men which the thoughtless crowd cheer the victory parades. It is more than a film. It is an experience from which no thoughtful person can emerge and feel quite the same about war.

★ ★ ★
ANOTHER film which deals with the aftermath of war, and its consequences for the innocent is, "Proud Rebel," now on show at the Hoover and the Paramount. The action of the film takes place in the western States at that time following the American Civil War, when bitterness was rife, and only organised war had ceased.

Alan Ladd is a Southerner who is seeking aid for his son (fictitious in this case) David Ladd, who plays the role of a boy who has been struck dumb during the battle of Atlanta, in which his mother died.

In this film is a valuable and highly intelligent sheep dog, "King" whose sale will provide the cash to pay for young Ladd's medical attention. An attempt is made to steal the dog, and we are right back in the rough and tumble of the routine western, big fight, gun fights; and no holds barred.

When all seems lost, up steps the dauntless Olivia de Havilland this time as a hard bitten, cursing, but tender hearted farm owner.

The rest you can guess. Made in colour, with a fine cast, and a rival to the memory of Rin Tin Tin in the dog, "King," you have a film which will provide your western fan with a thrilling evening's entertainment.

★ ★ ★
LAST of the Fast Guns," now on show at the Star and Metropole, is a variation on an old theme. The quick on the draw, Jock Mahoney, rides into a small town, settles an outstanding issue by beating his quarry to the draw, ignores the conventions associated with the dead, is about to withdraw when he is offered another assignment.

This film shows us a sort of sanctuary for these crude bullet-slinging thugs where they discuss the latest methods in killing. From this hideout, McHenry emerges as the personification of vengeance, if not law and order, and from then on we are back to the old theme of fancy shooting, and rough house stuff.

The Smart Set's Shop Pulls In The Browsers . . .

by JOHN CLARKE

THE young peer a few months ago inherited, along with his title, a family mansion that contained a vast library. He went to its shelves for something to read and found in it much of historical interest, but nothing readable.

He went to Hatchard's, the Piccadilly bookellers, and asked their help. Now, on bare-looking shelves in a back room, 200-300 books are being assembled that will give the library a new look.

The young man's choice, Collected works of Ernest Hemingway and Mary Webb or Stefan Zweig, and Eugene

now and browsing, and buying books.

"I think we have to thank the paper-backs," says Mr Alfred Donald, assistant general manager.

"They have done a very good job in introducing books to teenagers and people in their early twenties."

MACHINES CAPABLE OF REPRODUCING THEMSELVES PROVED!

London.
MR STAFFORD BEER, head of 40



Stafford Beer

scientists at the United Steel Company's research department at Sheffield, recently made this startling statement:

"It has been proved that it would be possible to build machines capable of reproducing themselves and, what is more, improve in an evolutionary manner."

Mr Beer was asked: "What of the dangers of these amazing machines running amok, science-fiction fashion, and taking over the world?"

"Like anything else, this new development could be put to evil uses in the hands of the wrong people," he replied.

"As for machines getting out of hand, you have to realise that the ability of a machine is strictly limited by its capacity to handle information.

Managers

"If you don't give it enough bits and pieces it can't go beyond certain limits."

Mr Beer, a Londoner with three children, is advocating Government-financed research into cybernetics—a scientific discovery which he says, can make automation and electronic-calculating machines seem old-fashioned.

He claims that cybernetic machines with minds more intelligent than men, could manage an industry or show how to run a country's economy.

SALVADOR DALI'S LATEST WORK**SYMBOL OF MAN'S Attainment Of Tranquillity**

New York.
Spectacular Salvador Dali, who made the limp watch the symbol of surreal art, displays a scale model of his latest creation, a 60-foot butterfly chrysalis—the insect's shell during the transition period.

Called "Cleisalida," the new work has as its theme man's transition from anxiety to tranquillity, with symbolic figures in the creature's vast interior representing the process.

More than 13,000 physicians were given a chance to walk through the exhibit and evaluate Dali's concept when the work was unveiled at the recent American Medical Association convention in San Francisco, California.

Tranquilliser

The project was commissioned by the manufacturer of the tranquilising drug "Miltown" distributed world-wide outside the United States and Canada by Edeka Laboratories Division, American Cyanamid Company.

Dali explained the connection between the chrysalis and the drug: "The outer structure of Miltown is that of a chrysalis, maximum symbol of the vital nirvana which paves the way for the dazzling dawn of the butterfly in its turn the symbol of the human soul."

Below is a picture of his creation.

FATTER & FATTER SHE BECAME & THEN... SUICIDE!

London.
DR CHRISTINE STACEY was a brilliant gynaecologist. She spent her life ending the worries of childless couples. But she had a secret worry herself. Day by day she was getting fatter.

She went on a diet. But still she put on weight.

Then her health began to fail, and she had to give up her work.

Late one night last week 47-year-old Dr Stacey—the practised under her maiden name—was found dead by her husband at their flat in Highgate House, Belsize, S.W. 11.

Mr Alexander Heriot, a surgeon at King's College Hos-

pital, arrived home with their 14-year-old son, John, after a two-week holiday in Norway.

His wife had been dead for eight days. She was in her nineties. On the bedside table were an empty pill bottle and a note.

Milk bottles stood outside the door, but neighbours suspected nothing. They thought she too was dead.

Dr Stacey was last seen alive by the milkman. "Leave me

VULCAIN
cricket

The new ladies' wrist alarm watch will not only become the indispensable companion of all active women, but it will turn out to be the ideal gift; it will be received with delight even by women that are already enjoying everything that life can offer.

Classical elegance
Shock protected
EXACTOMATIC pivoting device

To celebrate
its Centenary Vulcain invents the Watch of the Century



Fine watches since 1858
GRAND PRIX



Today...you can put radiant color on to stay...all through the day...without drying your lips!

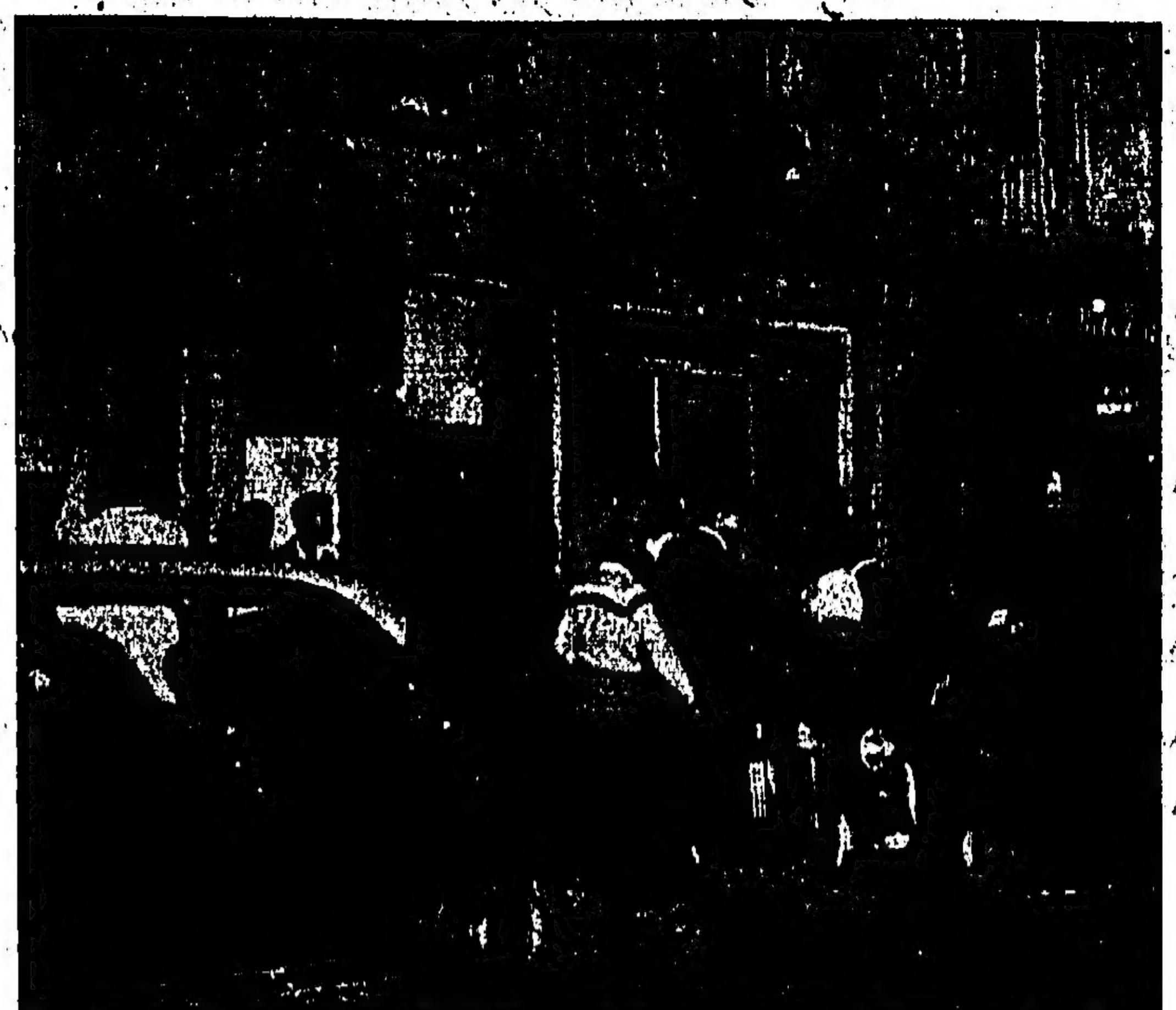
Now you don't have to put lipstick on...and on...all through the day! Revlon's Lanolite Lipstick is the wonderfully new and different non-smear type lipstick—longer lasting and creamy too. It puts luscious color on to stay—without drying your lips. It's the only non-smear type lipstick enriched with Lanolite, Revlon's exclusive moisture-protecting ingredient to give your lips the fresh, moist look! Choose from 20 fabulous Revlon colors today.

Non-smear Lanolite Lipstick
in luxurious Futurama case.

Revlon's Lanolite Lipstick

5227A

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Light relief to the water ski championships sponsored by the Scottish Daily Express on Loch Lomond recently were the antics of a few Scots skiers. Biggest laugh was for the "Belle of St Trinians" bicycling act of Dougal Campbell, a member of the local club.

★
LEFT: Plans to adopt a negro child by Mrs. E. MacDougall, mother of actress Maureen Swanson, have been thwarted by South African authorities. After Mrs. MacDougall saved the child's life by giving her expensive medical treatment, the girl's mother said she could keep the child if she wished to. Now, as a result of neighbours' complaints, Mrs. MacDougall cannot live with the girl.

★
BELOW: Ferryboat engineer Giovanni Borelli, kisses the hand of Lady Patricia Eden, his bride's mother and the sister of Sir Anthony Eden, in his family's home in Ischia, near Naples. He is watched by his family and his bride Amella Eden.



ABOVE: The Prince of Wales—on holiday with the Royal Family at Balmoral—went shopping in Ballater recently. Here he is, in open-necked shirt and jodhpurs, leaving a toy shop. What's in the bag? That's the Prince's secret!



★
BELOW: American comedian Groucho Marx arriving at London Airport recently with his 28-year-old wife, Edan. Asked by a reporter if he was one of the wealthiest men in show business, Groucho replied:

★
ABOVE: Prince Michael of Kent washes up after a meal in an Aachen youth hostel with three Eton friends, Charles Kerr, Nicholas Boileau, and James Fairbairn, with whom he is making a cycling tour of Europe, at an all-in cost of £30 each.

★
ABOVE: Violent clashes between white and coloured men and women broke out in London's Notting Hill area recently and quickly spread westwards to involve a new area in Shepherds Bush. Teenage toughs started the row rushing from street to street on the look for coloured victims. This was more than the patience of the coloured folk could stand and they fought back. Picture shows coloured people looking from upstairs windows as coloured youths emerge from a doorway into the street during the night rioting.



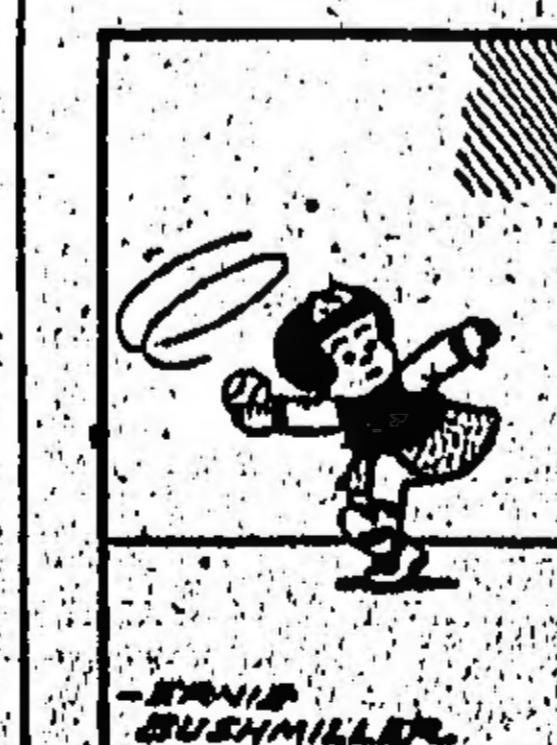
★
RIGHT: Winner of the title "Miss United Kingdom" at Blackpool recently was 22-year-old Eileen Sheridan, of Walton-on-Thames. Eileen was abandoned on a doorstep at the age of six months, and adopted by the family living in the house. She now wants to find a 21-year-old sister she has never met.—Reutersphoto.

★
Below: For the first time the Army motorcycle team will use two strokes when they take part in the International six-day trials at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany from September 22 to 27. They are seen with two of the machines they will use in the trials.—Army News Service.

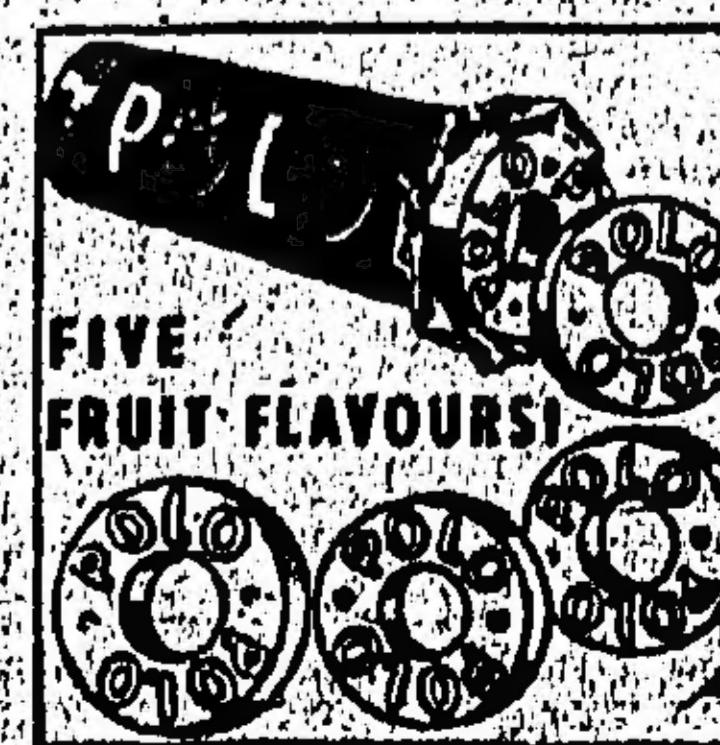


THIS big piggy is not for market. He is made of loofah by the exhibiting Danish firm, Jake, who sent Bentje Gundorf, of Copenhagen (left) and Homme Hunter, of Odense, as escort.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller



A Pig And A Promise Saved Me From The TITANIC

FORTY-SIX years have passed since the "Titanic," going at full speed across the Atlantic, struck an iceberg on that unforgettable Sunday, April 14, 1912, at 11.35 p.m. She sank at 2.30 a.m. on April 15.

As a "Titanic" survivor, this event has shaped my life and has made me an object of curious interest on many occasions. Whenever I cross the Atlantic on passenger liners I meet numbers of people, and when it becomes known that I am a "Titanic" survivor, they immediately paly me with every sort of question. One of the more frequent questions is: "No, were you really saved?" (I have never learned quite how to answer this one). Or, "Did you hear 'Nearer my God to Thee?'" and yet another, "Was the water rough?" and "Were you cold?" "How many were saved?" "Were you frightened?" "You certainly were lucky."

Yes, I was indeed lucky to tell about this today. He did not even have a name. He was, in fact, just a toy pig which my mother had given me earlier. For the "Titanic" was not my first serious mishap. I had been a sole survivor, although hardly injured, of an automobile accident in France, on the road to Deauville.

My mother, having heard that the pig was considered a symbol of good luck in France, and feeling that good luck was just what I needed, presented me with this toy pig, the size of a big kitten and covered with white fur and black spots.

I cherished it the more so as it was really a music-box, and by twisting its tail one produced the then popular air "La Maxixe." I promised my mother that I would never part with it at all times, and so this little pig later saved my life. It was not really my idea to sail on the "Titanic." I had booked passage on the "George Washington" to sail April 7, but my editor cabled me from New York to postpone my sailing in order to report the fashions at the Paris Easter Sunday races. By taking the "Titanic" a faster ship, on the Wednesday following Easter Sunday, I could still arrive in America at about the same time. In my events the opportunity of crossing on this much publicised, and above all unsinkable, floating palace delighted me.

On the night before sailing I went with some South American friends to visit Madame de Thébes, the most famous fortune-teller of her time. After my friends had had their fortunes told, Madame de Thébes turned to me and said: "Are you not at all interested in having me tell you something of your future?" I answered:

"So, instead like the rest of the world, I placed full confidence



in the world's greatest ship: "40,320 tons, 852 feet long... 3 propellers, 4 smoke stacks rising 175 feet above the water..." She was truly a skyscraper. We had not got my luggage off. "You are just nervous. You are perfectly safe. This ship is unsinkable."

"Very well, Madame, I will predict at the game that you are about to go through a dreadful experience. You will lose your possessions, many friends and incidentally, your singing voice, but you will live on for many years to come."

To this I replied: "Thank you, but this really is nonsense. Please do not tell me any more. Frankly, I don't want to listen."

steamer, as I was frankly afraid. Mr Martin, said he would gladly release me from the saloon if I felt that way, but he could not get my luggage off. "You are just nervous. You are perfectly safe. This ship is unsinkable."

You can get off if you want to, but your luggage will have to go on to New York."

I found I had been allotted a very large cabin with bath and a window looking out on the Promenade Deck, with immediately opposite, the same type of cabin for my luggage. The cabin was almost the farthest forward, at the end of a small corridor. I was practically detached from the rest of the ship.

FOURTH day out from Southampton on her maiden voyage to New York R.M.S. Titanic is stationary in mid-Atlantic. The mighty liner has hit an iceberg. Passengers and crew have felt only a slight tremor as the great ship rips out 300 feet of her underbelly, smashing through five watertight bulkheads. There is no feeling of alarm, no panic—the time is 11.40 p.m. April 14, and, after all, Titanic is "unsinkable."

The train-run from Paris to Cherbourg was quite pleasant. I chatted with some Swedish and American ladies in the compartment and with Mexican gentleman who informed us he was a Member of Parliament in Mexico. We formed a very merry little party. The reason that we were all sailing on this experimental vessel on her maiden voyage seemed to draw us together. Everybody was looking forward to seeing the monster.

I answered: "My luggage is worth more than I am. I had better remain with it." So to pacify me, Mr Martin said: "I will make a special concession.

After the usual bustle and excitement, we weighed anchor at about 8.30 p.m. I freshened up a bit and went down to the deck.

By EDITH L. RUSSELL

We will give you a large state-room next to your own room where we will put our trunks and boxes, and then you will feel happier, and you can keep an eye on them."

I then stood aside and watched for more than an hour, a regiment of cooks, bakers and sailors staggering under the weight of huge wooden boxes they were transferring from the tender to the "Titanic." I asked one of the stewards what this meant, and he said: "These are raw canned vegetables, pate de foie gras, caviar, fruits of all kinds and other things to eat... provisions for the trip over and the return." He added: "We may have a pretty good crowd on board, but it is nothing to what we anticipate coming back." I never saw so many boxes in my life!

It is a house of about eleven stories, as long as from the corner of the Rue de la Paix to near the Rue de Rivoli. Everything imaginable. Swimming pools, Turkish Baths, gymnasium, sun, squash courts, cafes, tea gardens, smoking rooms, a long room bigger than the Grand Hotel lounge, huge drawing rooms, bedrooms larger than any Paris hotel room, and together it is a monster.

I then took the lift to "A" Deck, where my room was. I instead of on a cosy ship. Everyone had always liked meeting new people and talking to them, and I remember my conversation with the young boy who was operating that elevator. "I am so proud," he said, "this is my first trip at sea and they have made me a little boy. I am only thirteen, you know. It's a bit of an honour." His first and only going to rest on this ship, as last trip!

I cannot say I like it, as I feel instead of on a cosy ship. Everyone had always liked meeting new people and talking to them, and I remember my conversation with the young boy who was operating that elevator. "I am so proud," he said, "this is my first trip at sea and they have made me a little boy. I am only thirteen, you know. It's a bit of an honour." His first and only going to rest on this ship, as last trip!

There were, too, a number of buyers on board from various department stores throughout the United States, returning after their regular buying trips and also Mr Brandel, owner of the well-known department

store of Omaha, Nebraska. Mr Benjamin Guggenheim and Mr and Mrs B. Goldberger were also aboard the ship. He was a very well-known lace importer of New York and a keen dog fancier. He had on board some 25 of the finest bulldogs, which he had shown in England where he had won a number of prizes.

The first days of the trip were uneventful, marked by the usual making acquaintances, promenades on deck, tea in the Winter Garden, and so forth. It was only by looking out to sea that one realised one was on the ocean. I wore a blue cloth coat lined with figured linen cretonne. It was something the famous Paul Poiret had created for me in his shop "Martine" in the Faubourg St. Honore. This was the first instance of using flower-printed cretonne for a coat lining and it attracted considerable attention.

As a dog lover, I was deeply in sympathy with his concern for his dogs. He immediately went to the kennels at the time of the accident to be with his dogs.

On Sunday, April 14, it was brilliantly sunny, but so intensely cold that it seemed the only sensible thing to do was to stay in bed to keep warm, which I did until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. I then were out on deck, and noticed a large crowd of men passengers looking down at the water being thrown up from the blades of the propellers. The foam whirled in the spray, made blood-red in the rays of a glorious setting sun. It looked like crimson carpet stretching from the ship to the horizon.

I met Mr J. Clinch Smith, who had lived in Paris for many years, brother-in-law of the famous Architect, Stanford White. There were many celebrities on board. I got to know Mr and Mrs Isidore Strauss and Mr W. T. Stead, the famous writer and publisher. They shared considerable interest in me on account of my various accidents and premonitions. He was a great believer in spiritualism, but at no time did he mention any fear of disaster on this trip. Major Archibald Butt, who was military aide to President Taft, and occasionally Frank Millet, an orlist born in Massachusetts, would join us.

There were, too, a number of buyers on board from various department stores throughout the United States, returning after their regular buying trips and also Mr Brandel, owner of the well-known department



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James Buchanan & Co. Ltd.

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The "Titanic" had had an accident coming out of Southampton, when she had to close to "New York" and crossed the latter to break loose from her moorings. I did not know this at the time, of course, and if I had, I should probably have been imagining all kinds of ominous things. As it was, I could not help being strongly impressed by the way the tender rolled and heaved, in this calm sea, along-side the great ship. The gangway over which we climbed aboard seemed in danger of being pulled loose from its fastenings.

I hated the idea of crossing that gangplank, and so sooner had I got on board than I caught hold of Mr. Nicholas Martin, General Manager of the White Star Line Paris bureau, to see if it would not be possible to collect my luggage and book by a later

WHILE at dinner aboard the Titanic on the evening of April 14, 1912, a radio message stating that the "Titanic" is nearing ice is brought to Captain Smith (Laurence Naismith). "A NIGHT TO REMEMBER" tells the true story of the greatest sea disaster in history — the sinking of R.M.S. Titanic.

The film is produced on location and at Pinewood Studios, England, by William MacQuality and directed by Roy Baker. Heading the large cast is Kenneth More as Second Officer C. H. Lightoller. — Photographs by Norman Gravett.



THEY MAKE FACTS MORE ROMANTIC THAN FICTION

By JOHN MARTIN

Producer of many British documentaries.

If you can put personality into a petrol pump and invest the progress of a conveyor belt with the excitement of a car chase you are well on the way to becoming a successful producer of industrial documentary films.

The pure documentary film was once the glory of British picture-making. It was also the training ground for Britain's best film technicians. But, despite the fact that film has faded—those probing exploring eye has been taken over by television.

But the industrial firms with someone to teach and produce to sell have discovered this powerful medium and use it with great effect.

BIG BUSINESS

Ever since the American army decided recruits responded to small arms instruction given on the screen, by Mickey Mouse, the film has played its part in specialised training.

Sales organisations were quick to appreciate that the skilled visual presentation of their products on the cinema screen broke down language barriers.

The new-type documentary film—one of the most esoteric branch of picture-making—has gone into big business and become big business.

This patronage by industry has kept alive one of the most inventive and virile branches of our picture-making—in fact, our industrial documentaries seem to be the only films we produce now capable of winning prizes at the international film fests.

Why is an industrial film made? What is the motive of the sponsor? How does he go about making it?

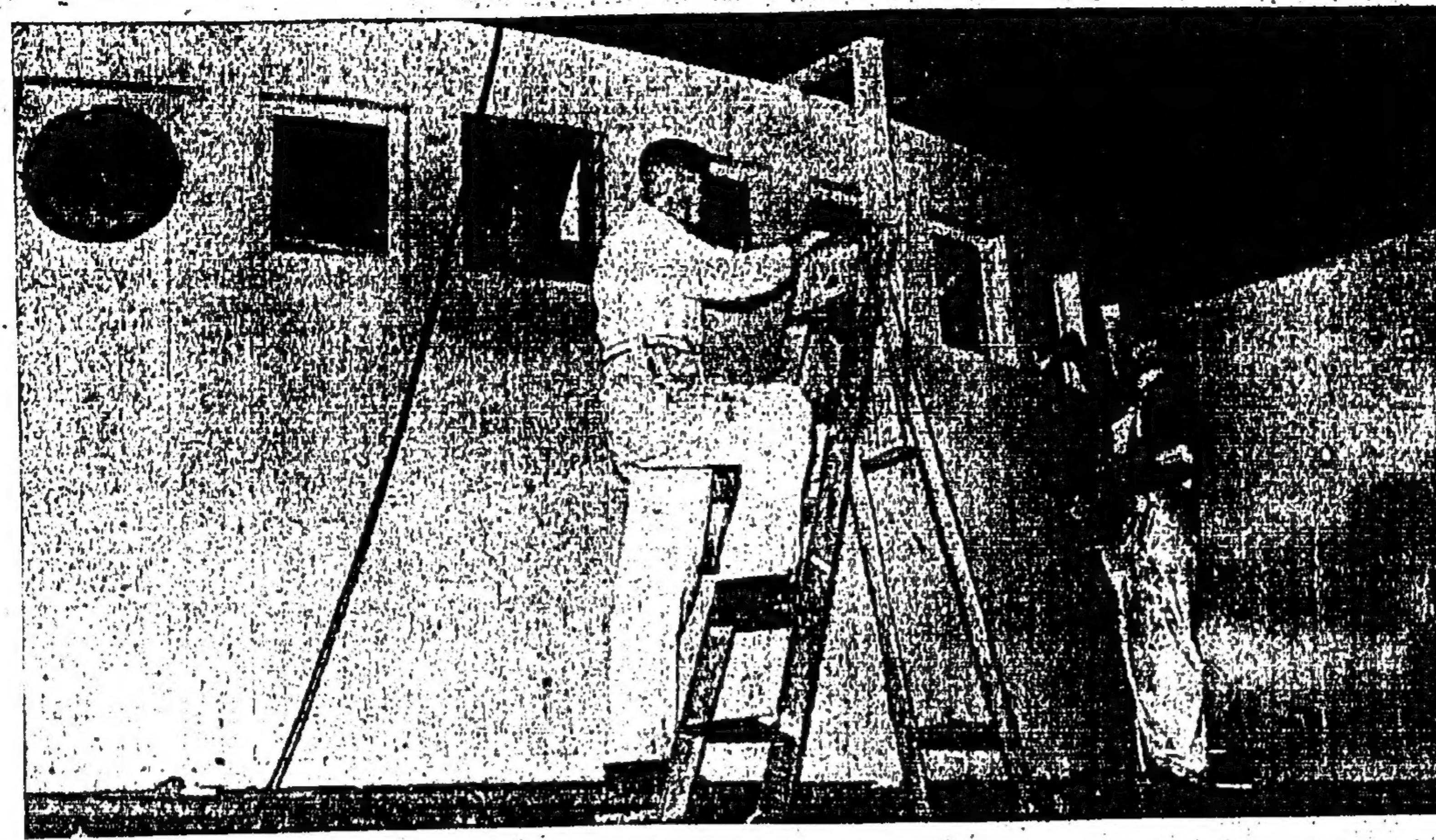
Imagine you are the head of a big company in the Midlands. You have just installed expensive and revolutionary new electronic equipment.

You have two big tasks ahead of you: to teach your workers to use the new machines and to let the world know how efficiently and progressively you are making your product. The new film provides the means to do both.

ESSENTIAL

Colour in films has taken on new significance with the rise of the industrial documentary. It no longer merely enhances with realistic or decorous qualities. To a business man trying to sell point or fabrics the colour film is an essential.

One of my units is now working with the Iron and Steel Federation making a



THE NEW DEPARTURE IN DOCUMENTARIES: the shooting for a film commissioned by the British Trawler Federation moves inside the studio, with sets built as for an ordinary fiction film.

Britain's young men led the revolution

minute full colour film of the steel industry.

The cartoon gives the film-maker the power of the painter to strip his subjects of all inessentials. It was a cartoon that Barclays Bank used to explain—the workings of their banks to uninitiated West Africans.

The industrial documentary film producers work without star names or ballyhoo but they are a powerful part of the ever-expanding world of the cinema.

Paradoxically, the documentary film—made very often for such very commercial-rounding concerns as the Empire Marketing Board or the GPO—has always been particularly cherished by the cinema highbrows.

A film like Drifters, which told the story of herring fishers, not an especially inspiring subject, has always, and rightly, been considered a classic. There were many others. They all dealt with aspects of everyday life—their titles are self-explanatory: Nightmail, Shipyard, Coalface.

EXPERIMENT

These films, made just before the war, were able to experiment with film technique in a way that the entertainment cinema did not dare to do. They showed life as it really was and their actors were ordinary people.

And from this field came a school of directors, dedicated to realism, which had a striking effect on the entertainment cinema. Films such as Naked City, Northside 777, Panic in the gutters.

AUTHENTIC

Previously, it was considered much more effective to shoot against sets created by a highly paid art director. Today this system has been largely abandoned and it is generally accepted that the real thing is superior to anything an art director can dream up.

It was during the war that the documentary reached its highest peak. Under the auspices of the Crown Film Unit several of the men who were to become Britain's most talented artists and technicians got their first chance.

Their object was—in its broadest sense—propaganda; but it was propaganda of a palatable kind since its object

was to show that what Britain was fighting for was worthwhile.

The films of this period are still, in many ways, the most authentic pictures of war to have been made anywhere. Those who saw them will not easily forget the impact of Target For Tonight, Britain Can Take It, Western Approach, One Of Our Aircraft Is Missing.

Today Britain is still in the forefront of the documentary movement. A young English director, Lindsay Anderson, won the Grand Prix at the Venice Film Festival last year for a documentary about Covent Garden.

were none the less in the same tradition. (The Way Ahead, Millions Like Us, Waterloo Road).

Tonight Britain is still in the forefront of the documentary movement. A young English director, Lindsay Anderson, won the Grand Prix at the Venice Film Festival last year for a documentary about Covent Garden.

With its tendency towards understatement, the documentary is peculiarly suited to the English talent.

(London Express Service).

ROUND-UP

BREECHES BIBLE

CANON William Lumlin, vicar of Bungay, Suffolk, has bought a 1608 Breeches Bible—so called because of the phrase "and made themselves breeches" in Genesis III, 7—for the Parochial Church of St Mary, Bungay. It contains a Concordance with numerous entries about the Atkinson family of Bungay between 1600-1810. "I am glad it has gone to Bungay," the previous owner, Brigadier E. Nott-Power, of Colyford, Devonshire, wrote to Mr Lumlin. "It was found in a secret drawer of an old piece of furniture which my mother-in-law bought at a sale many years ago." One entry records that 14-year-old Richard Atkinson died in Bungay Common, a week after becoming ill through running a race on Bungay Common.

RHEUMATISM CURE?

TWO mobile laboratories staffed by members of the Medical Research Department of Manchester University and by the Empire Rheumatism Council Field Unit, are touring Yorkshire, attempting to find out how many farm workers suffer from rheumatism. It is believed, says a council spokesman, that farm workers suffer more from rheumatism than any other class except perhaps miners. Dr J.S. Lawrence, director of the field unit, said that as a result of their inquiries it would be possible to say what percentage of farm workers have rheumatism, which kind is most common, whether or not it tends to run in families, the ages at which rheumatism usually appears, and other factors.

VETERAN FIREMAN

A FIREMAN who used to run to fires as a boy behind a horse-drawn engine, has been presented with a long-service medal at Ipswich. He is Mr Percival Woods, of Debdenham, Suffolk, a sub-officer with the East Suffolk and Ipswich Fire Brigade. Mr Woods, a fireman for 22 years, used to accompany his brother's father to fires to help man the pumps.

HISTORY FOR KENT

THE 1,000-year-old history of the Kent village of Meopham will be told at a "Son et Lumière" style pageant in the grounds of Meopham Court on September 18, 19, 20. Meopham Court dates back to Saxon times. The village has a centuries' old church in which the Cromwellian General Fairfax stabled his horses and billeted his men on the night before the Battle of Marston. An episode will be devoted to the famous Trickett family, Meopham gardeners, who introduced many plants to this country. Sir George of Meopham Anglian Young People's Association, in collaboration with Mr Norman Wareham, leader of the A.Y.P.A., and his wife,

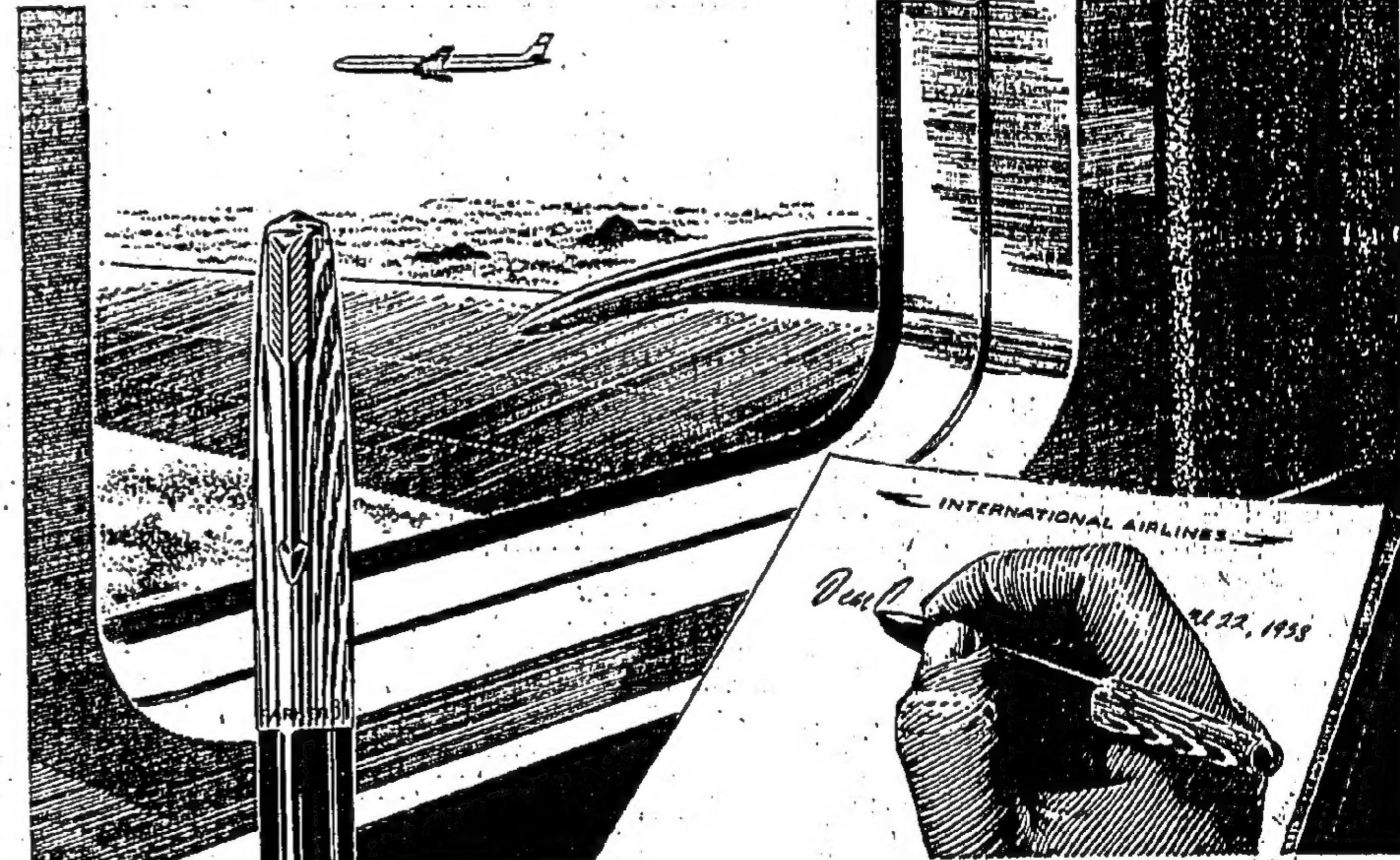
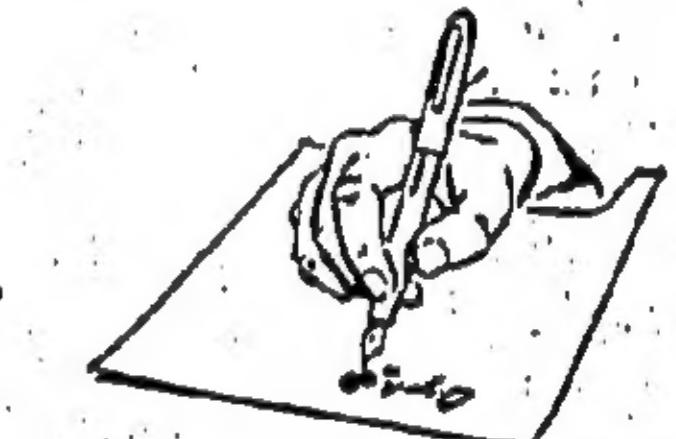
DOWNTOWN ESTATE

THE 1,027-acre Sussex downland estate of Muntham Court at Findon, is being sold for the second time in four months. It belonged to the late Colonel Wink Thynne, a former member of the King's Bodyguard. His two sons, Brian and Oliver, sold the estate to a property company after putting it on the market last May. Now the company has decided to put it up for auction at Worthing Town Hall. The estate includes a 40-room residence, and cottages which some of the tenants may buy. Biggest part of the land is an 800-acre farm which will remain lot.

HOME-MADE WINE

BEDFORDSHIRE housewives have been entering for shows home-made wines made of beetroot, carrots, turnips, marigolds, potatoes, rhubarb, oranges, blackcurrants, cowpeas, wheat, elder flowers, marjoram, plums, pineapples, barley, dandelions, sloes and parsnips. A Bedford show official said that the wines were being made from old recipes in increasing quantities because they were so popular at television evenings.

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EVERY HOUR OF EVERY DAY THE BELLS PAY TRIBUTE TO HIS MEMORY ALL OVER THE WORLD

What Next Along The Lines Of Communication?

By
D. Alasdair Keenan

OVERWORKED heads of departments who are prone to rant and rave at their cluttered desks every time their telephone rings may well give their blessing to a new device—one which dispenses with the need for writing down a directive that has to be circulated to their staffs.

The device is called the Tele-Amp, and is an up-to-the-minute business "gadget."

Connected to the telephone, it acts like an amplifier, loudspeaker, and by means of it the size of conversation can be broadcast throughout office or workplace.

On the face of it this gadget can be a decided boon to a hard-pressed businessman. But let no businessman forget that the telephone itself is the greatest of time-savers. In a working world—an instrument of vital importance so often taken for granted, and too often soundly cursed.

★ ★ ★

It was certainly a lucky day for mankind when the telephone first made its bow in Boston, U.S.A.—a "brain-child" of Alexander Graham Bell who had migrated thereto from his native Scotland by way of Canada.

Bell had for some years been studying the transmission of sound. To quote his own words: "If I could make a current of electricity vary in intensity precisely as air varies in density during the production of sound, I should be able to transmit speech telegraphically."

Technicians still apply their minds to ways and means of developing Alexander Graham Bell's invention.

For some years now, the idea of a "Vidphone" has been widely discussed. Before very long we may well be seeing, in a small screen, the face of the person to whom we are talking.

Indeed, many inventors such as the Visiphone are at the present moment technically possible, but lack of public demand and the high cost of installation makes them impractical just now.

He had to fight a good deal of public reticence in order to push his invention any further than the laboratory. There are always members of any committee who will seek to retard scientific progress, it seems.

Finally, however, in 1878, the first telephone exchange was established in the town of New Haven, Connecticut, and from that time onwards the telephone wires began to stretch across the face of the world.

In the United States alone the number of telephones owned increased in a matter of 60 years to \$1,500,000, and by the end of the 19th century almost every country in the civilized world possessed a sizable network.

Telephones improved in design year by year as did the arrangements at the exchanges. Nowadays, you might think, they could be little scope for improvement, and yet researchers and

over the world give ringing tribute to his memory every hour of every day.

There are testy individuals who say of the telephone that it has increased the pace of life too much and has brought other disadvantages that outweigh its usefulness, but most of us will grant that it was a blessed day when Mr Alexander Bell strode from his laboratory with a glint of achievement in his eye.

He was a great man, a man to be remembered—and remembered he will be as long as millions of telephone all

over the world give ringing tribute to his memory every hour of every day.

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He was a great man, a

50 YEARS AGO... IT WAS THE MOST GLITTERING WEDDING OF THE DECADE

The day Churchill said 'I WILL'



The bridegroom

...and all London was talking about the lovely young bride

THE year was 1908. King Edward VII had reigned for seven years, and the glorious Edwardian Era was at its height. The Boer War was almost forgotten. The German war menace was no more than a cloud. Asquith was Prime Minister, and Lloyd George was his Chancellor of the Exchequer.

They were glittering days. And on Saturday, September 12, took place the most glittering wedding of the decade.

The groom, like Lloyd George, was a man of destiny. His name was Winston Leonard Spencer-Churchill, 33-year-old President of the Board of Trade, and a cousin of the Duke of Marlborough.

Accomplished

The bride was Miss Clementine Hozier, 23-year-old society girl, witty, accomplished, and beautiful.

Her father, Sir Henry Hozier, had been a prominent City figure; her mother, Lady Blanche Hozier, was the daughter of an Earl of Airlie.

The setting was the most fashionable of all churches, St Margaret's, Westminster. Public interest was exceptionally high, comparable to the interest that would be shown in a royal wedding.

When September 12 dawned, bright and sunny, extra police were drafted into Westminster to control the crowds that had gathered overnight.

For in those Edwardian days a marriage that combined the attractions of a dashing young Cabinet Minister who was also a duke's cousin and beautiful young girl who was also an earl's grand-daughter was irresistible.

The engagement of Mr Churchill and Miss Hozier had been announced less than a month before the wedding, although a long friendship had existed between the two families, and the engaged couple had known each other for many years.

Immediately after the announcement messages of con-

gratulation flooded into No. 12 Bolton Street, Mayfair, Mr Churchill's home, and No. 51, Abingdon Villas, the bride's home in Kensington.

And after the congratulations—
the presents. Well over 700
had been listed by September 8, four days before the wedding.
The King sent Mr Churchill
a gold-mounted maulstick, bearing the Marlborough family arms; civil servants at the Board of Trade sent a silver bowl; Earl Beauchamp gave grandfather clock; the Countess of Dudley sent an antique compass case.

And from well over 20 well-wishers came silver inkstands,
and a few days before the wed-
ding the Women's Social and
Political Union (the Suffragettes) announced that they
would not demonstrate outside
the church. ("We would not
think of obstructing on such an
occasion.")

And then came the day itself. Crowd lined the pavement facing the church, stretched beyond the Abbey, scrambled up on to surrounding railings, stood on camp-stools and boxes, and overflowed into Whitehall as far as the Horse Guards.

More than 1,000 people, divided into "visitors" for the wedding (red tickets to enter the church), and "guests" for the wedding and reception (white tickets of admission), had been invited.

The ceremony was due to begin at two o'clock, but Mr Churchill, with his best man, Lord Hugh Cecil (later Lord Quickswood), arrived early, soon after 1.20.

Famous names

Mr Churchill showed no signs of nervousness—not of after effects of the bachelor party he had attended at the House of Commons on the previous night. He walked round the church chatting to friends and relatives.

Wrote one correspondent: "A bride's good taste can always be judged by the lingerie she wears."

Miss Hozier, the correspondent added, obviously had exceptionally good taste, as she had ordered "the very finest, but the very neatest."

The trouser suit, with many garments made to the bride's own design, was magnificent.

• BY THE WAY •
by Beachcomber

THE theft of a hat, snatched from its owner's head by a man who disappeared in the crowded street, needs looking into.

One way of disconcerting this kind of thief is to copy the clown, and wear a smaller hat under the larger one. Thinking the second not to be an optical illusion the thief hesitates, thus distracting his attention while you call for help.

In passing

A NEW menace has been noticed by the authorities. It is not only those on foot who throw litter about. Cyclists and motor-cyclists, eating as they go along, have been observed to discard wrappers and chunks of food. Fast cars, with huge litter-bins attached, should be in pursuit followed by pretty scavengers, armed with spiked sticks, to retrieve anything missed by the fast-moving litter-wards.

The answer to the query, Why is Sweden free of litter? is a simple one. The Swedes don't like litter. The English love it. The dropping of rubbish was, until recent years, the only thing they were allowed to do without official interference.

Printers' frolic

AT Shrigley Hall, Lady Onslow welcomed home her party of dejected sportsmen, after a long day's shooting: "A good bag, I hope," she said. For answer, Sir Geoffrey shamed-facedly exhibited a bird. "One pheasant," he said. It was a different tale at Macaroon Castle. During the morning Foulough had become possessed of which is the defined way of putting it, a consignment of last year's birds ordered by a London restaurant. These he sold to a dealer as "hot from the moors." With the proceeds he replenished the Macaroon cellar.

TARGET

R	O	M	How many words to our letters if we can get them from the square on the left? In making each letter, in each row, we can use only one. Each word must contain the large letters in the square and there must be at least one nine-letter word in the list. No plurals or names. Words not in the name TODAY'S TARGET: 39 words good; 48 words, very good; 59 words, excellent. Solution on Monday.
G	I	N	YESTERDAY'S SOLUTION: 1. The first word is a nine-letter word, and the second is a six-letter word. The third is a five-letter word, and the fourth is a four-letter word. The fifth is a three-letter word, and the sixth is a two-letter word. The seventh is a one-letter word.
S	E	V	LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION: 1. The first word is a nine-letter word, and the second is a six-letter word. The third is a five-letter word, and the fourth is a four-letter word. The fifth is a three-letter word, and the sixth is a two-letter word. The seventh is a one-letter word.

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SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"I don't want to be too hard on Hanley. What's another word for 'tired'?"



PORTRAIT OF A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

ger Countess of Airlie, the bride's grandmother was splendid in black satin. The Duchesses of Marlborough, wore a pale grey picture dress. Mr Lloyd George grasped the groom by the hand. Mr John Burns, the Socialist, refused the offer of a front-pew seat and insisted on joining the red-ticker holders.

Lady Stanley of Alderley, Lady Desborough, Lady and Lady Abingdon, still and Lady Blanche, the Socialists, Peers, politicians, landowners, bankers, every guest

design, with the bodice cut in a square, and filled in with fine old Venetian lace. Her only jewellery was the diamond earrings given to her as a wedding present by Mr Churchill.

Sudden smile

The bride looked pale and grave as she walked towards the altar, to the hymn "Lead us, Heavenly Father, lead us, but the colour returned to her cheeks and she smiled when she saw the waiting groom.

At the chancel steps, her brother stepped back to make room for their mother, Lady Blanche, who gave her daughter the pink camellias in their black satin hats.

The organist played the opening bars of the Tammerfele Bridal March, the bridesmaids, in purple sashes and white surplices, lined the aisle. And a cheer outside told the waiting guests that the bride had arrived.

St Margaret's, Westminster, had seen few brides more beautiful than Miss Hozier, as she walked up the aisle on the arm of her naval officer brother, William.

Her dress was of soft ivory satin, in a simple "princess

cut," with the most the most joyous event which happened to me in the whole of my life, for what can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of an ignoble thought."

The cheers

At Portland Place another great crowd watched the guests arriving for the lavish reception at the home of Lady St Heller, the bride's great-aunt, in a con-

A Piece Of Extraordinary Advice From The W.V.S...

By SARAH ROTHSCHILD

WHAT would you do if an H-bomb dropped? Shut your eyes and prepare to meet your Maker?

If so, according to the W.V.S., you would be an absolute chump."

I was listening to the W.V.S. One in Five Lecture, being given all over the country, on What To Do When The H-Bomb Drops. "If the 80,000 casualties at Hiroshima knew what I am going to tell you today, 70,000 of them could have been saved," said the woman lecturer in a voice which, I am sure, reverberated as cheerfully on the ice-hockey pitch as fire-watching during the blitz.

WARNING

Holding a ball of wool on a round, black tray she pointed to the rim. "As long as you were here," she said, "twenty miles from the explosion, you'd be all right—as long as you followed my instructions."

What were those vital instructions?

First a word of comfort. "If things got a bit sticky," said the lecturer, "the authorities would give the public an hour and a half's warning before the bomb dropped."

On that hour end a half would depend your safety. First you must rush out and wash the outside of your house, including the windows, because 80 per cent of the heat of the blast would be reflected out into the garden.

REFUGE

"Then you must take down your fluffy curtains, and, if you insist on privacy, dip your curtains in this recipe." An anti-burn recipe was distributed.

Next, you must prepare your refuge. This is where you will remain during the explosion and for 48 hours afterwards.

"That is the time it takes for fall-out to disappear," said the cheerful lecturer. "And in the meantime the Observer Corps would swing into action and warn the public that fall-out would reach them in so many hours."

The refuge room, with a few items from the W.V.S., can be just as cosy as an old dug-out during the blitz—even though it's from the W.V.S., you need plenty of water, but for drinking and washing off radioactive dust. You also need your portable radio, lighting equipment, bully beef, biscuits, and a tray of ashtrays.

"For heaven's sake don't forget your tin opener," said the lecturer.

IN SHADE

What about those people who have the misfortune to be caught out of doors when the big Bang comes?

"So long as they stay in the shade," said the lecturer, "they needn't suffer anything worse than sunburn."

If you can't find a built-up area which casts sufficient shadow," she continued, "then get into a ditch—48 hours in a ditch never hurt anyone—or take up the Eastern prayer attitude—crouching on the ground."

Embarrassing situations can arise. For instance, suppose a husband was outside and arrived at his refuge covered in mud!

"The wife," said the lecturer firmly, "would have to say, 'Sorry, Jim, you can't come in here until you've stripped down to your birthday suit.' Then he would deposit his clothes in the dustbin outside the front door and enter the house no more rudely than a luminous wench."

The W.V.S. lecturer smoothed her print dress and smiled kindly at the audience. "Things aren't quite so terribly black, you see," she said.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

FERD'NAND



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SWISSAIR



ABOVE: Under portraits of Mao Tse-tung and Sun Yat-sen, the headmaster of the Chung Wah Middle School, Mr Wong Tso-fun, addresses 200 students and parents on Saturday when the school opened its new term in two rows of matsheds built after the old building was closed by Court order.



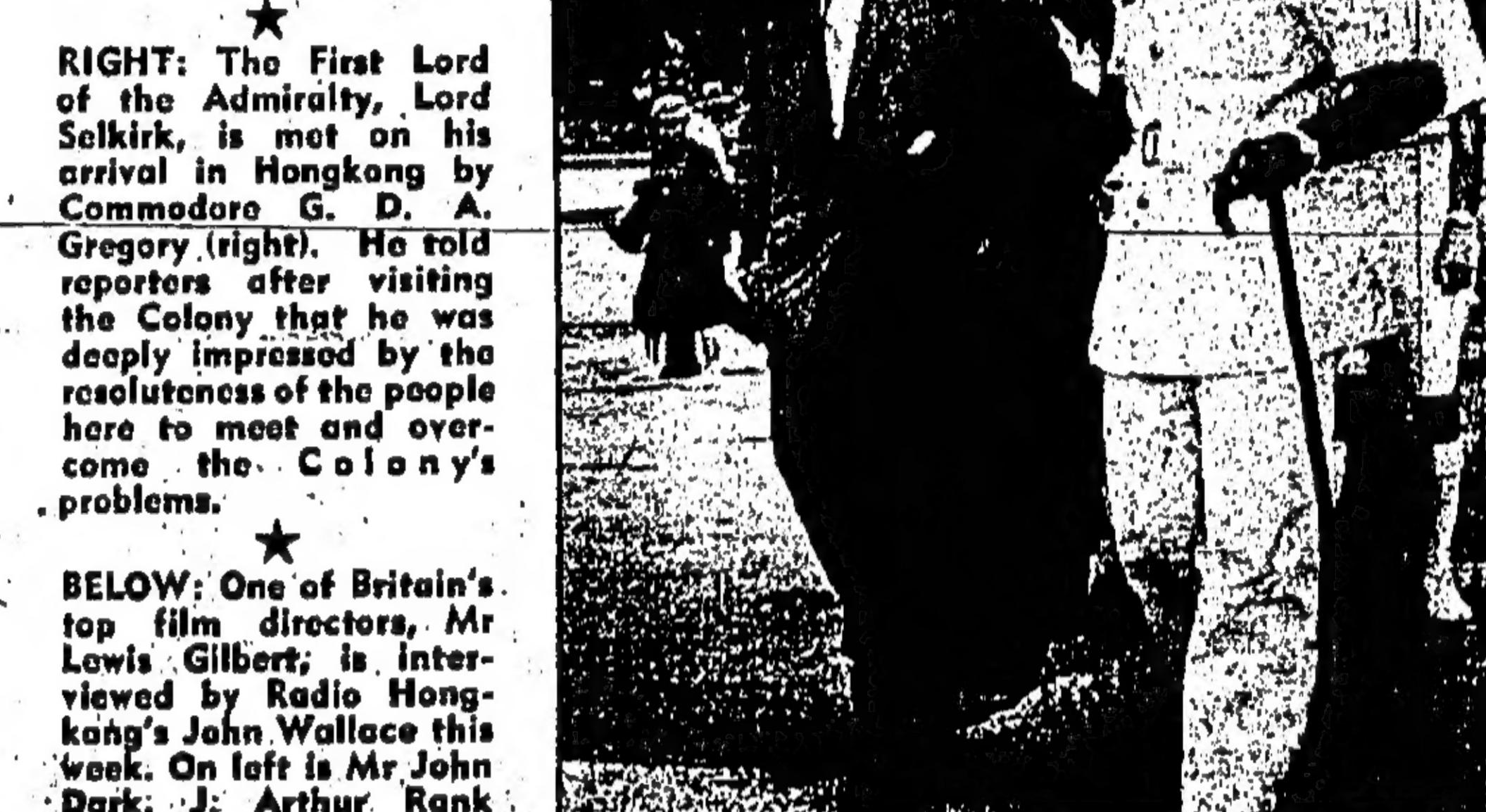
LEFT: Alan Grishman (holding microphone), violinist and Joel Ryco, pianist, answer questions during a press conference at Maxim's shortly after their arrival in the Colony recently. The young American musicians were a great hit with music lovers in the Colony.



BELOW: Indian classical dances, directed by Mrs Kalpana M. Surtani (right) and performed by Miss Kiki Rasmussen (left), were the highlights of a celebration in honour of Swami Sivananda's 72nd birthday on Monday at the Queen's College Hall.



ABOVE: Sir Roland Turnbull, Governor of North Borneo, arrived on Tuesday from Labuan en route to the United States. At the Airport to meet him was Mr P. A. English, ADC to His Excellency the Governor.



RIGHT: The First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Selkirk, is met on his arrival in Hong Kong by Commodore G. D. A. Gregory (right). He told reporters after visiting the Colony that he was deeply impressed by the resoluteness of the people here to meet and overcome the Colony's problems.



BELOW: One of Britain's top film directors, Mr Lewis Gilbert, is interviewed by Radio Hong Kong's John Wallace this week. On left is Mr John Dark, J. Arthur Rank production manager.



ABOVE: Pretty film star Ting Ning poses with actress Pai Kwong (left) and film magnate Mr Run Run Shaw, shortly before her departure for San Francisco recently as Hongkong's delegate to the Pacific Festival. "I'm very happy to have been chosen to represent Hongkong," she told reporters.



BELOW: Mr and Mrs Marvin Farkas pose with their attendants shortly after their wedding at the Registry on Tuesday. The bride is the former Miss Mary Jo Kay, a Hongkong Airways flight stewardess. The groom is a newsrest correspondent.



ABOVE: Mr Cheung Yok-luen, principal director of the Tung Wah Group of Hospitals Board of Directors, lights the first incense stick during the start of a seven-day communal memorial service at Caroline Hill last Saturday. The service was dedicated to the happiness and prosperity of Hongkong.



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GILMANS

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ABOVE: Manning the Bofors gun on HMS Mounts Bay is one of the 48 schoolboys who were guests of the Royal Navy for one day recently. The boys who came from service and civilian families went out to see with the Navy on the Mounts Bay and three motor launches of the Hongkong Flotilla.

LEFT: Mr William Borg Phillips, team manager of the Australian swimmers (left) says goodbye to Mr A. de O. Sales before leaving Hongkong with his record-breaking boys last Thursday.

★
BELOW: Mr Pong Ding-yuen, Chairman of the Po Leung Kuk (centre, dark suit) distributing a packet of noodles to one of the 500 pupils of the Po Leung Kuk Charitable Evening School in Leighton Road. Mr Pong is also the superintendent of the school.



BELOW: Little Karen Joy England, daughter of Mr and Mrs J. N. England, was christened at St John's Cathedral on Sunday. Karen (centre) is seen with her parents and friends shortly after the ceremony.

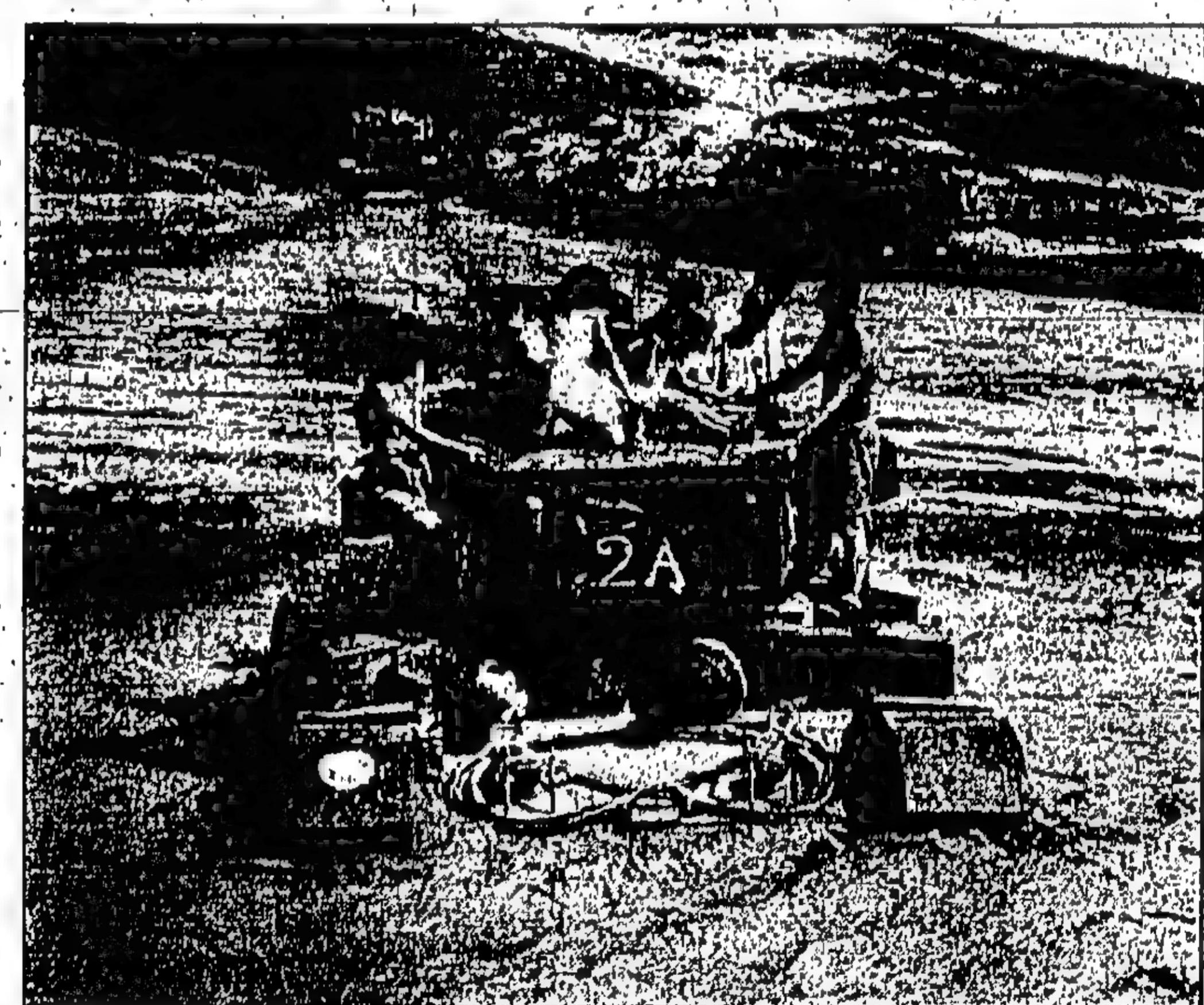


ABOVE: The annual softball match between the Hongkong Standard "Tigers" and S.C.M. Post "Scamps" was played off at King's Park on Sunday when the "Scamps" won by the narrow margin of one run for the second year running to take the Ernest Borol Challenge Shield. Glamorous film star Lin Tsui, kneeling fifth from left, opened the game by throwing the first ball. Picture on right shows "Scamp" Andy Sloan scoring a much-needed run as team-mates and supporters (background) cheer him on.



ABOVE: Lady Black (right) and her daughter, Miss Kathryn Black, (in striped dress) made an extensive three-hour tour of Kowloon Hospital on Monday. They are seen here in the hospital's blood bank.

By
CHINA MAIL
PHOTOGRAPHERS



ABOVE: Some 250 youngsters from service and civilian families were guests of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment in the New Territories last week. Some of them are seen riding on a tank as it roars through a shallow pool of mud.



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MEN WHO
REALLY
CAN
HANDLE
A WAR...**

EVERY man who has ever taken part in a war, from a private down to a war correspondent, has always been confident that he could win it faster and with fewer casualties than the general in command of the operation.

THE IMITATION GENERAL, is the story of a sergeant who gets the chance of proving it.

Glen Ford is touring the battle area with his commanding officer when a German machine-gun bullet kills the general. Master-Sergeant Ford picks up the general's helmet and puts it on.

He is at once accepted, by soldiers and officers alike, as a battle-hat and urged to take the military situation in hand. It needs taking in hand.

INSPIRATION

The American troops are surrounded, worn out, undisciplined, and in general bad shape, but the sight of the general's star on Ford's helmet, plus the knowledge that the man they think is their commander-in-chief is among them, sharing their trials, puts spine back into them.

It also persuades Ford to continue the masquerade.

Naturally—being a sergeant—and everyone knows that sergeants are really the men who run an army—he proves himself a born battle commander.

He not only routs the enemy. He makes a conquest of a pretty French girl (Taina Elg) he finds taking a bath in a farmhouse during the height of the battle.

"The Imitation General" is neither as funny a film comedy as it might have been, nor as ironic. But Ford's easy manner, plus some interpolations from Red Buttons as a sceptical corporal, make it easy to take. Especially by sergeants.



NOW that their baby son is four months old, Marlon Brando's wife, actress Anna Kashfi, is going back to work, in spite of the dispute, "Is-she-or-is-she-not-an-Asian?" she will play an Indian girl in "Night of the Quarter Moon."

TOMMY STEELE has turned down plans to star him in "Serious Charge," a film which would have marked his debut as a dramatic actor.

He was in favour of making a film without a song, and still wants to do so, but he feared fan reaction to his playing a career youth trying to blackmail a vicar. His decision means that he will not now make a film before the end of the year.

BIGBRITE BARBOT will get the same salary deal as Frank Shafrazi for her co-starring role in "Parle By Night." She will pick up a pay cheque for £60,000 plus four per cent of the profits.

AFTER 30 years as a song and dance man, Fred Astaire will play his first straight dramatic role in "On the Beach," film version of the Nevil Shute best-seller. His co-stars will be Ava Gardner and Gregory Peck.

CHESS

By LEONARD BARDEEN

Andrew Thomas of Tiverton, has been one of the best West of England players for many years. Here is one of his wins, Against T. O. Read, 1 P-K4, P-QB4; 2 P-QB3; P-Q3; 3 P-Qd; P-PxP; 4 P-Kt2; Kt-B3; 5 Kt-B5; Kt-B7; 6 Kt-B3; 7 Kt-B5; 8 Q-Q2; 9 O-O; 9 E-KR6; 10 Kt-B3; 11 P-K4; 12 Q-B3; 13 P-PxP; 14 Kt-B2; 15 P-Kt2; 16 O-O; 17 Kt-B1; 18 O-O; 19 P-K4; 20 P-Kt3; 21 Kt-B3; 22 Q-Q5 (threat Q-B5 or Q-Q6); 23 P-Kt2; 24 Q-B3; 25 R-QxP; 26 P-Kt3; 27 Q-Q3; 28 P-Kt2; 29 Q-Q3. Beautiful geometric precision.

© 1958 Leonard Bardeen

THE CHINA MAIL FILM PAGE... By LEONARD MOSLEY

Why she scares Germany



THE TWO ROSEMARIES. ABOVE: FILM STILL OF SIREN-SUITED NAZI TILLER. AND INSET: THE ORIGINAL . . .

Film releases unpalatable skeleton from national cupboard—Adenauer seeks suppression

I BRING you today the first picture from the film which is the storm-centre and sensation of the Venice Film Festival.

True story

Why does the West German Government want "The Girl Rosemarie" barred from the world's screens?

It was made in West Germany in face of strenuous opposition from the Government of Dr Konrad Adenauer. Now Dr Adenauer

is not only routing the enemy. He makes a conquest of a pretty French girl (Taina Elg) he finds taking a bath in a farmhouse during the height of the battle.

"The Imitation General" is neither as funny a film comedy as it might have been, nor as ironic. But Ford's easy manner, plus some interpolations from Red Buttons as a sceptical corporal, make it easy to take. Especially by sergeants.

auer is trying to persuade the Italians (so far unsuccessfully) to ban it from the Festival.

Rosemarie Nitribit was a highly paid prostitute who numbered among her friends and clients some of the richest and most powerful men in Germany. She owned a fast sports car. She had a fortune in tarts. She knew many secrets.

When police broke into her flat last year they found her lying on her bed, strangled. They also found that the flat contained hidden microphones, tape recorders, and still and moving film cameras. But the

tapes in the recorders had vanished. The cameras had been emptied.

Had Rosemarie Nitribit been murdered because she had tried to blackmail one of her powerful friends?

No one knows, for the murder has still not been solved and does not look like being solved.

'False idea'

"The Girl Rosemarie" tries to clear up some of the mystery behind the murder and also uses its cameras to make a swinging indictment of loose life among the rich business men and politicians in Germany.

It is because Dr Adenauer believes the film gives a false pic-

ture that he has tried to ban it. But the Venice Film Festival judges insisted that it will nevertheless be shown.

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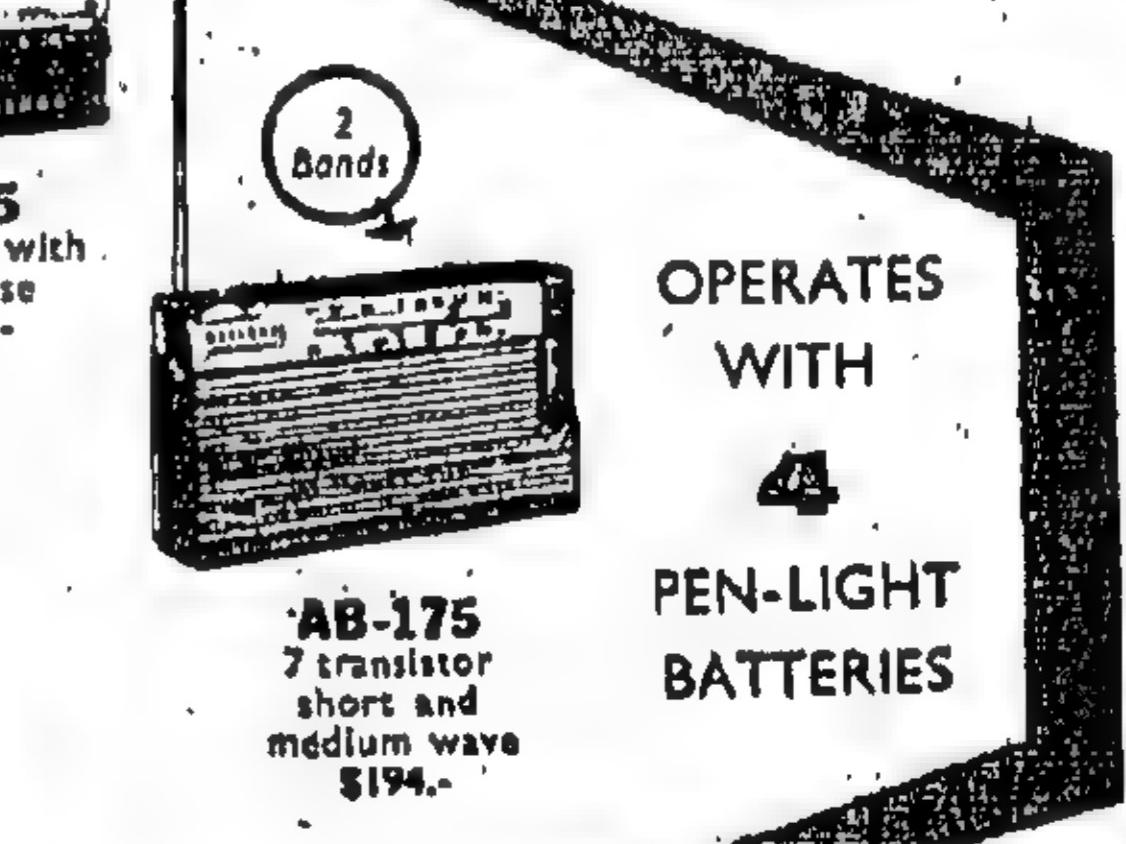
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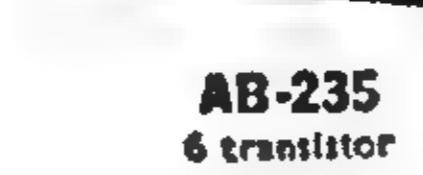
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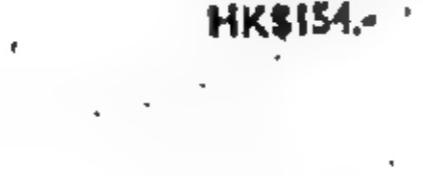
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Roderick Mann The Zsa Zsa legacy that Mr. Sanders treasures most...

THAT cynical old sage, Mr George Sanders, has been talking to me about the art of being a happy bachelor. Before I left him I warned him that, by printing his remarks, I was quite liable to get him run out of town by a posse of enraged Amazons.

But he said he was prepared to take that chance.

"The whole thing is quite simple," said Mr Sanders when we met. "The secret of being a happy bachelor is to have a good butler. I have Albert.

"When Zsa Zsa Gabor and I were divorced I got the custody of him. He is admirable. He arranges the flowers in my home, washes my car, puts mothballs in my suits. In fact, he does everything.

"In what way is he superior to a wife? He does not argue with me, nor question what time I arrive home, nor ask me where I am going. Wholly admirable."

"Perhaps one might find a wife like that somewhere," I suggested.

"Out of the question," said Sanders severely. "You must realize that marriage is a most unnatural relationship, invariably entered into for the wrong reasons."

"Why do most girls get married? Either to get away from their awful mothers or because their continued existence as a spinster is an affront to their womanhood.

"So what do they do? They sit.

"In no time at all the once content bachelor finds flowers in his flat and mothballs in his suits.

"He thinks it's marvellous; he can't imagine how he ever managed to get by without her. You see," Sanders hissed, "he doesn't know about the existence of people like my Albert."

"So you and Albert will grow old happily together," I said.

"We shall," said 51-year-old Sanders. "Though talk of growing old doctresses me."

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A licence?

"The solution to it all," continued Sanders slyly, as though it were a major issue which had to be settled before the coffee arrived, "would be to have a licence to live."

"It would be, say, for a period of five years. In order to get it renewed you would have to prove that you deserved it. If you didn't,

out would come the hemlock. Life would be so much more worth while. You would live every day as though it were your last."

"For people like us," I said, "it might well be."

CAREER NOTE: Before we parted I asked Mr. Sanders about his film career. "I have also solved the secret of longevity in show business," he said. "It is to be consistently mediocre, like me. Trotting, as it were, from one lousy film to

another. That way, you see, you can never get worse."

Too shocking!

In the Rank Organisation's new film *The Passionate Summer* Miss Virginia McKenna plays the part of an air hostess of Pan American planes and Pan American planes and featured throughout the pictures. The public value is incalculable.

Now why should this be? Why should an English film—which will be shown throughout the world—boast a foreign airline?

I will tell you.

B.O.A.C. were approached first, and asked to give their co-operation.

"First," they said, "we must read the script."

The script—which tells of the air hostess' love affairs in Jamaica and Mexico—rocked B.O.A.C. right back on its Billabimbas.

Now that the unit is back at Pinewood, he is still a constant visitor.

Last week, I am told, he was down no fewer than four times.

"He's been around so often," said one of the unit, "that I shall be surprised if there aren't some shots of him in the picture."

Well, if there are, the marquis has been missing out. As an "extra" he was entitled to £5 a day.

Missing out?

The Marquis of Milford Haven spent five days in Holland with his friend, Miss Eva Bartok, when she was over there filming *Operation Amsterdam*.

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CYRIL STAPLETON'S COLUMN

Another Harrison Hits The Discs

I INTRODUCE today a new record singer. His name: Harrison, Son of that other "singer" Rex.

This one is 24-year-old Noel Harrison and he has just made his first E.P. records for H.M.V. The record company has sufficient faith in him to sign him up right away to a contract, and to dispense with the usual form of introduction for a new singer. Noel merely put on the illustrated jackets of the records the simple line, "Noel Harrison."

That is famous indeed—for a first effort. Harrison's recordings are: "San Francisco Bay Blues," "Evil Man Blues," "Wondering," and that old stand-by "Frankie and Johnnie."

To two guitars

He sings them to the accompaniment of two guitars (one his own) and a double bass.

Some of the numbers Harrison dug up on his tours around the world. The session for the four records lasted one afternoon.

Noel Harrison drifted into singing when he finished his Army service four years ago. His guitar was the passport that took him around the Continent.

Noel developed his style rubbing elbows with the blues characters who perambulate the Continent—like that American folk-singing nomad Jack Elliott.

I predict that we shall be hearing much more of Mr Harrison's son Noel.

Tour is off

A DEATH rattle from rock 'n' roll, projected tour of Alan Freed's Big Beat show in Britain has been called off.

FICTION SHELF By JOHN WATERMAN

AFTER LONG SILENCE. By Robert Gutwillig. Gollancz, 15s. A paper round the mid-20th century campus with everyone majoring in crazy mixed-up relationships. The clink of ice in the rye, the whiplash of smart remarks, the sound of Dixieland jazz are continuous. One character runs a Cadillac house (to sleep, six).

Tom Freeman eventually becomes the centre of a McCarthyist investigation, his constant companion is killed, he marries, and the merry-go-round ceases to turn. Highly entertain-

ing and written with brittle assurance.

COMMON PEOPLE. By Philip Callow. Heinemann, 15s. An apprentice engineer with ambition to become the Van Gogh of the Machine Shop leaves the provinces for artist's life in London. He has some predictable seamy adventures, marries, and returns to Birmingham. Well drawn characters people this circular progress, but its significance is inadequately conveyed.

(London Express Service).

How to live without money

SUBWAYS ARE FOR SLEEPING. By Edmund G. Love. Gollancz, 15s.

by George Malcolm Thomson

IT is not possible, exclaimed the New York judge when he was told that seven old women had been living for three months in the rest rooms at Pennsylvania Station. But Mr Love was not in the least surprised by the news.

Fred must now answer charges of inciting a riot with his R. & B. show in Boston to dispense with the usual form of introduction for a new singer. And Fred merely put on the illustrated jackets of the records the simple line, "Noel Harrison."

That is famous indeed—for a first effort. Harrison's recordings are: "San Francisco Bay Blues," "Evil Man Blues," "Wondering," and that old stand-by "Frankie and Johnnie."

Now tactics

CLOAK and dagger tactics are being adopted by some of the new record companies. They intend that they will be squeezed out by the older concerns which have the power to put pressure on wholesalers, retailers, and, in fact, anyone connected with extravagance of life.

UNPAID BILL

Into what sociological pigeon hole, for example, would you fit a man like Henry Shelby, graduate of the University of Michigan?

After some trifling argument about a bill, he walked out of his hotel one day in 1953 and has not paid for his lodgings since.

He is a vagrant, obnoxious, vigilant, and ingenious. Every second night he sleeps in the New York subway. In between, he dozes in hotel lobbies.

Henry is full of good advice on the problem of free accommodation, and how to get it.

Always carry something when sleeping in a lobby. Officials will respect a man's privacy if he has an umbrella or a briefcase in his lap.

Even so, Henry has to visit eight hotels in a day to get four hours' sleep. His is a busy life.

All-night chicanes are much over-rated as sleeping places. No doubt the seats are more comfortable than those provided by the subway, but they tip back too far to be any real use.

RACING

Besides, there is the noise from the screen. Instead of getting some sleep, Henry finds himself being entertained.

He prefers to read his own entertainment, reading the old newspapers in the public library. He plays at betting on the horses in the races of one bygone day in the next day's paper looks up to see which won.

So far Henry is doing well in his hideous gambling career, also, when he tried his system on real-life racing, it did not work out well.

Even more industrious is Charlie Knutzen, who for 10 years has been a nomad living in the apartments of his friends when they are not in town.

At a critical moment in his life Knutzen stumbled on the mathematical truth that if only he knew enough people in New York, there must always be a moment when one of them was going away. He bought a notebook and began keeping a list of names and addresses.

It is hard work, for it means keeping in regular touch with about 80 homes, but the result is that Knutzen never needs to spend money on rent.

What he earns is devoted to the grand aim and ambition which governs his life: the music lessons that are going to make him an operatic star. This is the miracle which, after 10 years, Knutzen still believes in.

Simpler and less idealistic is the answer to life's problem which Martha Grant has evolved.

CHOOSEY

An ingenuous girl, she runs up bills in hotels and then, when the management proposes to throw her into the street, reveals that she has no clothes either on her body or in her possession.

Martha's last garment to some unknown hide-out.

Draped in the hotel's towels she defies the management until the climax of the drama when Martha throws the towels off.

This scene is much improved by the fact that she is a shapely young woman.

To get rid of her the management usually buys Martha a new costume. It has to be a good one, too, for she is choosy.

Compared with her, Helga is a more orthodox operator. She has three idealistic "fiances," each of them unknown to the other. Innocence contributes to the upkeep of her flat. As each is married, Helga is in no danger of matrimony.

What will she do when she grows old? To this anxious question, Helga has a ready answer: "Find older men."

—(London Express Service).

The Secret Of The Great Explorer

—Was He A Hero Or A Fraud?

BOOKS by ROBERT PITMAN

"For the love of God, see that neither he nor any of his nation returns to these islands."

The reference can only be to the Spanish, also mentions his wife, "free this land from the domination of King Pharaoh" (long term for Jews).

Finally I consulted the big biography of Columbus (now out of print) by the Spanish scholar and B.C.C. Brooks Trust man Salvador de Madrigal.

What is the evidence of these words? Well, consider the mystery of the birth of Columbus.

Solemnly he took out the parchment scroll addressed to the Emperor of China.

At school we were taught that he was the son of a weaver from Genoa. But Columbus was secretive about his birth, never mentioned Genoa during his lifetime—and none of his writings is in Italian. Why?

Madrigal explains that the Columbus family were really Spanish Jews who had fled to Genoa to escape a pogrom.

And by coincidence, on August 2, 1492—the day on which Columbus sailed on his great voyage from Spain—a wave sweeping over Spain—a wave which swept many Conversos as well as unconverted Jews to the stake.

Then there is the mystery of Columbus and the unknown pilot.

At school we were taught that Columbus decided on his route more or less by his own undisputed genius. But by what instinct was he inspired to keep his course northwards for so many days on his homeward voyage? It enabled him to

catch the most favourable winds of all—but how did he know they were there?

Biographer Merrien, citing the evidence of a friend and fellow-voyager of Columbus, explains that the discoverer had received secret information about an earlier discovery.

Some years previously a merchant ship had been driven across the Atlantic in a storm, perhaps as far as the Bahamas. Among the few survivors was the pilot, whom Columbus chanced to meet.

The man was in great poverty and distress. Columbus took him into his own house, where eventually the pilot died—but not before he had given Columbus a detailed chart of his course.

Then there is the mystery of Columbus and Pinzon.

At school we were taught that as the landless days went by on the outward voyage only Columbus kept hard. But what of the part played by Martin-Antonio Pinzon?

EVIDENCE

Pinzon, a shipowner from Palos, helped Columbus find the right ships before the journey began. He contributed a great part of the capital; he recruited nearly all the crew. He was captain of one of the three ships; his brother was captain of another.

And the evidence of eye-witnesses, apart from Columbus himself, makes it plain that Pinzon, at times, had to put heart into Columbus.

When mutiny threatened Columbus on board, his own boat Pinzon haled him with this advice:

"Sir, hang half a dozen, if beg you, or throw them into the water; and if you dare not do it, my brothers and I will come aboard and do it."

The eye-witness account comes blandly: "At those words all took courage again."

BELITTLES

Yet Columbus, in his edited version of his own journal of the voyage, peevishly belittles Pinzon on every occasion. How did he manage to get away with it without contradiction?

The explanation is simple: poor Pinzon, the man who could have contradicted him, died within a few weeks of the return to Spain while Columbus was staying as a guest at his house.

Biographer Merrien (who, by the way, claims that Columbus was of French, not Jewish, descent) writes darkly:

His death was singularly opportune, for if a written agreement between Pinzon and Columbus had existed, no one could prove it. Again, if the agreement were a gentleman's one, a dead man cannot call for it to be fulfilled. Nor was Pinzon's log-book ever found.

THE EVIDENCE

Could Columbus have been responsible for Pinzon's death? Merrien believes so.

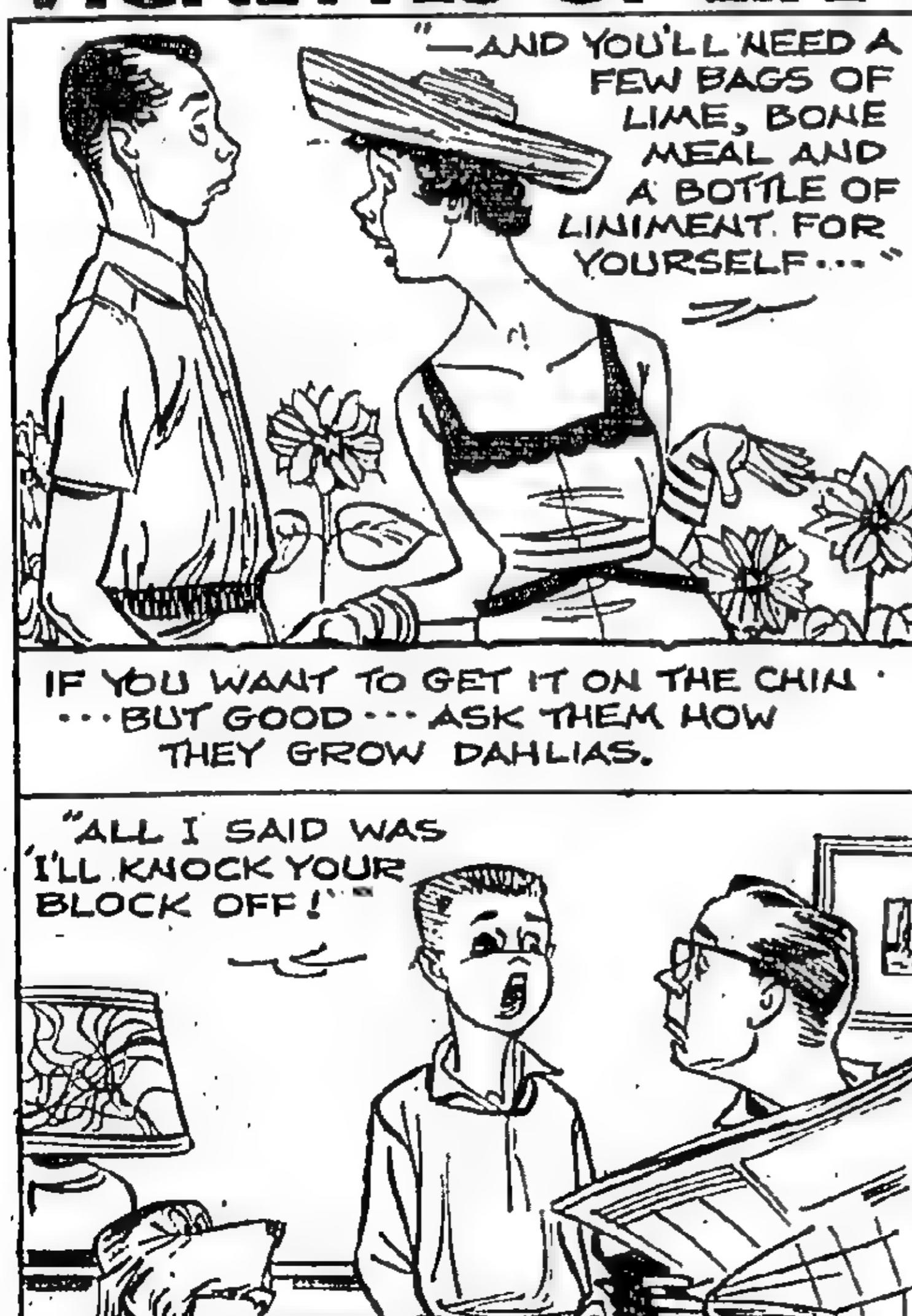
He points out that the unknown pilot had also died alongside Columbus. And he points to a piece of evidence about the explorer's character which has always embarrassed the Columbus fans.

Queen Isabella had promised £200 yearly for ever to the family of the sailor who first sighted land.

But the sailor who first sighted the white sand in the tropics did not get it. Columbus explained that he, too, had seen a kind of flickering light about four hours before, although he decided not to suggest it was land at the time.

So Columbus—in addition to all the riches and pyramids with which he was headed—took the look-out's prize as well.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail—A "China Mail" Feature



VALERIE FRY

FROM SYNTAX TO TINTACKS

Valerie Fry started on her career with what she calls laudable but unexciting intentions of becoming a schoolmarm, but after some years specializing in History, Latin, French and English, decided that as history was bunk and Latin dead, there must be more interesting ways of earning a living. Since then she has been with the Crown Agents, where she claims to have been a buyer for everything from tintacks to fittings for luxury trains, an administrative co-ordinator, in her own words "general dogshow" for the same organization, and in Hongkong the editor and writer of a trade magazine, newspaper columnist and public relations officer. In addition to her more recent connection with Radio Hongkong, Before coming to Hongkong, she gave some talks

with her husband at the beginning of 1955, she had never seen a microphone, but for many years one of her chief hobbies had been the amateur stage, where she appeared with several companies and in a variety of parts, her favourites being that of lampshade in a school play at the age of five. Talent for talking interminably and fluently on practically every subject under the sun brought her a first experience of radio work as a member of the panel on the Radio Hongkong amateur game "Gift of the Gods". Her first contribution with "Women Only", the women's magazine programme broadcast at lunchtime on Wednesdays, came through her knowledge of local trade and manufacturers, on which she gave some talks

on articles like Jade and Ivory carving. From being a contributor she became the commare and then joined the ranks of the backroom boys by taking over the compiling and production, preferring the pen to the word except for interviewing, which she enjoys because of the opportunity it gives her to meet new people. Her hobbies are writing, reading—anything from detective stories to dictionaries, dancing ("Though I still haven't caught up with the 'Cha-Cha'"), amateur dramatics, going to the cinema, and playing badminton. The last to count in the affairs of her other favourite hobby, eating too many chocolates. Her full time job is being around when she's wanted by her husband and three small children.



ON Saturday evening at eight-fifteen Larry Allan, pianist, singer and wit, starts a new series specially for Radio Hongkong in which he sings fifteen minutes of your favourite songs at the piano. Listen at a quarter-past eight to Larry Allan's "Piano Playtime."

Their Finest Hour

At 9 o'clock on Monday there's a feature programme about the designer of the Spitfire, R. J. Mitchell. Mitchell began life as a locomotive engineer but achieved immortal fame by his design of one of the most successful fighting aircraft of all time, the Supermarine Spitfire. He was also the designer of the aircraft which won outright for Great Britain the Schneider Trophy. Listen at 9 o'clock on Monday to "The Flight of a Bird," the story of R. J. Mitchell.

The Return Room

On Wednesday at 9 o'clock, the Ulster poet, W.R. Rodgers, is presenting what he calls a "words-eye view" of Belfast. Using the authentic and unique Belfast accent, he looks back without anger over the smoky roof tops to the Belfast of a generation ago. "The Return Room" by W.R. Rodgers is presented by the BBC, and is on the air at 9 o'clock on Wednesday.

This Week

Saturday night's topical magazine programme is on the air at 7.30 p.m. This week's programme includes an interview with two visiting musicians, Alan Grishman and Joel Ryce, Bush Smadlief of BOAC, recordings made of the British Trade Union Congress, an interview with Lewis "Cavie" Her Name with Pride" Gilbert, the Managing-Director of Quantas Airways, and it is hoped the voice

of Group Captain Cunningham, "This Week," produced by Timothy Birch, is on the air at 10.30 p.m. on Saturday.

Celebrity Recital

The two visiting American musicians, Alan Grishman, violinist, and Joel Ryce, pianist, will give a recital on Radio Hongkong on Monday evening at 8.30 p.m. They will play Sonata in E flat K. 302 by Mozart, Variations and Capriccio by the contemporary American composer, Norman Dello Joio, and Rondo from Sonata in D major Op. 12 No. 1 by Beethoven.

(Broadcasting on a frequency 800 kilocycles per second.)

Today

12.30 p.m. ROMANCE IN MUSIC & HONG KONG TIME SIGNAL. Tabooed Perhaps, Perhaps, Perhapse, Tango de la Rosa; Ya, Ya, Danza.

1.15 WEATHER REPORT. TIME SIGNAL. SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.

Boston Pop Orchestra, cond. by Arthur Fiedler.

2.00 JUST FOR YOU.

Presented by Nick Kendall.

2.15 THE BIG RECORDS.

2.30 PATTI PAGE INTRODUCES THE BIG RECORDS.

2.45 MUSIC IN THE LATIN AMERICAN MANNER.

I Was Left Right Out Of Your

Heart; Medley—You Belong to me, Accordion; The Positive; Drum Feature; Jumpin' Jack; The Woodside; The New Deal; Country Music; I Gotta Get a Girl; Give you anything but love baby; Wedding Cannon

4.00 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME. Leichter Blut-Gitton; Gold & Silver Waltz; Puppenspiel-Waltz; Wien Wind; Bei Nacht Erst Mezzetinte; Wien Dirndl; Wien-March; Dollarwaltz-Waltz; Chamber Serenade; Ich kann wieder nicht schlafen; Schneefall.

4.15 MOVIE PARADE. A GUIDE TO WORLD TRAVEL.

4.30 MUSIC OF US IN HARMONY.

4.40 TIME SIGNAL.

4.50 THE LABYRINTHINE.

"THE LABYRINTHINE," written by John Gielgud.

4.55 POPULAR DALLADS. Sung by Richard Crooks.

5.00 MELODIES OF HARRY WALKER.

The Spenser-Harp Orchestra CELEBRATION OF MASS.

5.15 MUSIC ROUND ABOUT.

5.15 THE PHILHARMONIC. Cond. by Rev Fr. J. McCarthy.

5.30 CLOSE DOWN.

5.30 WEATHER REPORT. THE NEWSPAPER SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS & REPORTS.

5.45 MUSIC ROUND ABOUT.

5.45 MAGVAR GIPSY MELODIES.

Alexander Hass Budapest Ensemble.

5.45 CLOSE DOWN.

5.45 MUSIC FOR THE HARPSICHORD.

5.45 WEATHER REPORT.

5.45 TIME SIGNAL. RADIO NEWSREEL.

5.45 THE PHILHARMONIC.

Cond. by Rev Fr. J. McCarthy.

5.45 CLOSE DOWN.

5.45 MUSIC FOR TODAY.

5.45 TIME SIGNAL.

5.45 LIGHT MUSIC.

5.45 NEWS SUMMARY.

5.45 MELODY AND SONG.

5.45 COULD YOU HEAR?

5.45 MELODY AND SONG.

5.45 DIARY FOR TODAY.

5.45 WEATHER REPORT.

5.45 TIME SIGNAL.

5.45 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

HEALTH FORMULA FOR TEEN-AGERS

A TEEN-AGER'S health rests solidly on four pillars:

1. Good appetite
2. Good sleep
3. Mental peace
4. Avoidance of fatigue

Poor appetite comes from eating the wrong food or worry and a depressed feeling.

Obviously the only cure for rating bad food is to eat proper food.

The best cure for worry is work.

If you've honestly and thoroughly done everything in your power to solve the problem worrying you, even though you may have accomplished nothing, you'll still feel relieved rather than depressed.

Inability to sleep shows you insist on thinking when you should be sleeping.

Don't try to force yourself to sleep. Accept the situation. If you can't sleep, you can at least rest.

If indifferent whether you sleep or not all night, but insist on letting both your mind and your body rest.

Excess fatigue is a sign you have not honestly and accurately recognized the proper limits of your powers and your desires.

Thus you exhaust your energies in activities which are futile because they are inevitably beyond your powers to complete successfully.

Take accurate stock of yourself. Measure your powers according to the light provided by your past experience and act accordingly. Don't throw away your vital energies in tasks beyond your capability.

—MANUEL ALMADA

Legend Of Thunder And Lightning

GITCHI MANITO U created Gav-be-naw, the first brave, among the Chippewas. He was a fine, strong man, and also had been given knowledge and great power. He was appointed ruler over land and sea.

This first brave gave the animals and birds names such as raven, porcupine, beaver, rabbit, chipmunk, muskrat, and robin.

Gav-be-naw taught the rest of the tribe to plant and tend their gardens, to hunt and fish, to build canoes and wigwams, and to make clothing from the skins of the wild animals. All the Indians consulted him whenever they had any difficulty.

Gav-be-naw lived for many, many years. During the early part of his reign, the Indians were happy; there were no wars, no quarrels, and no trouble.

However, when he became old, a great famine and drought spread over the earth. No crops would grow. Many rivers dried up.

Gitchi Manitou sent the drought to punish Gav-be-naw who, in his old age, foolishly thinking himself to be all powerful, had tried to make the crops grow without consulting the Great Spirit.

In vain, Gav-be-naw fasted and prayed for rain.

Finally in desperation, Gav-be-naw said, "I am going on a long journey to the realm of the Great Spirit to plead for my people."

Gav-be-naw travelled for many moons. At last, he came to the dwelling of Gitchi Manitou.

Gitchi Manitou said, "Gav-be-naw, my child, you have been very disobedient and willful. I made you ruler over the

"Yet, although you have displeased me, I will have pity on my people. Heretofore Ah-nim-o-kee will sit at my side. When rain is needed upon the earth, he will beat upon his drum. Thunder will roll and when he opens his eyes, lightning will flash."

"The people will be happy if it will be a sign that I will again send water to moisten the soil so that grain can grow in abundance, and famine will no longer occur!"

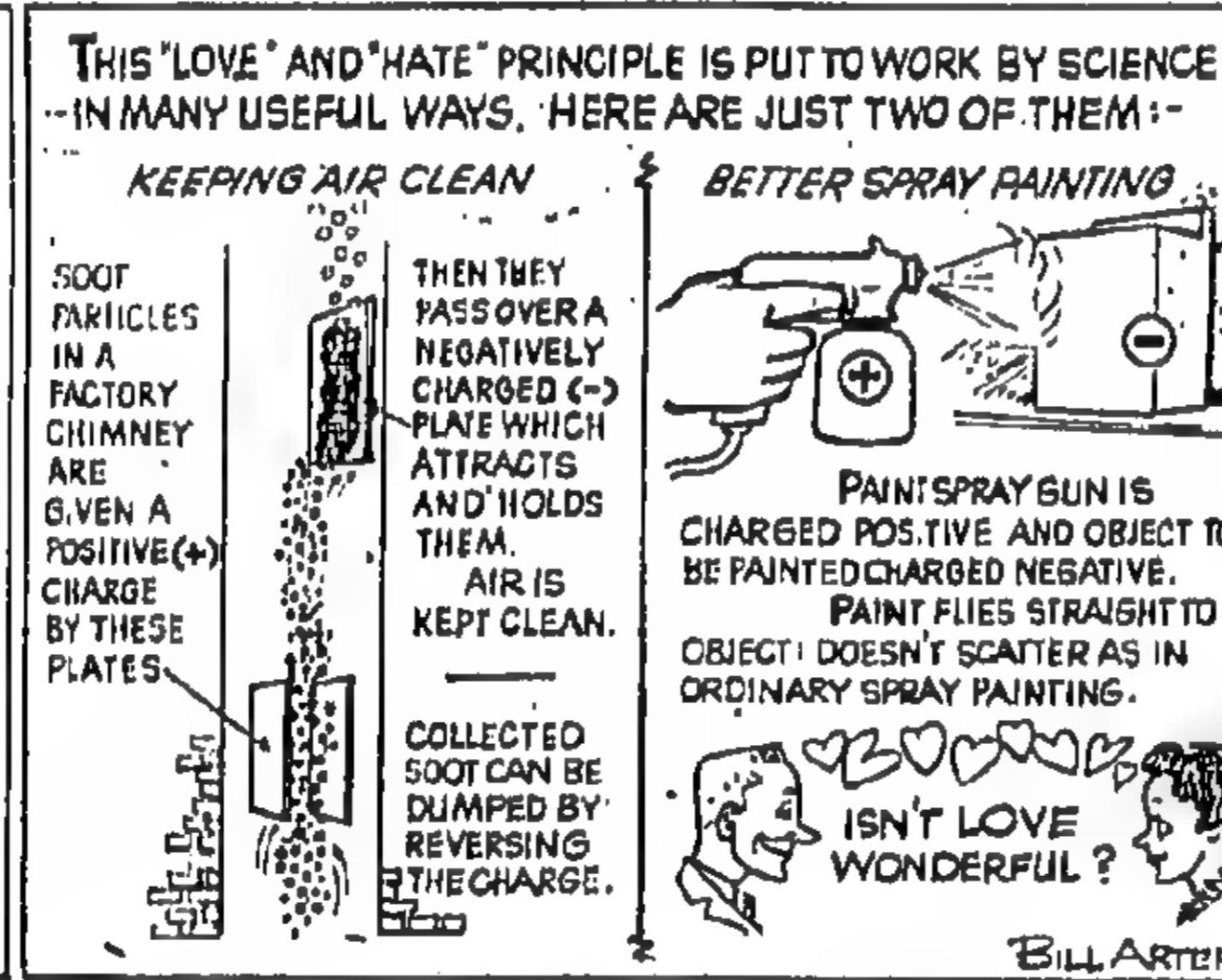
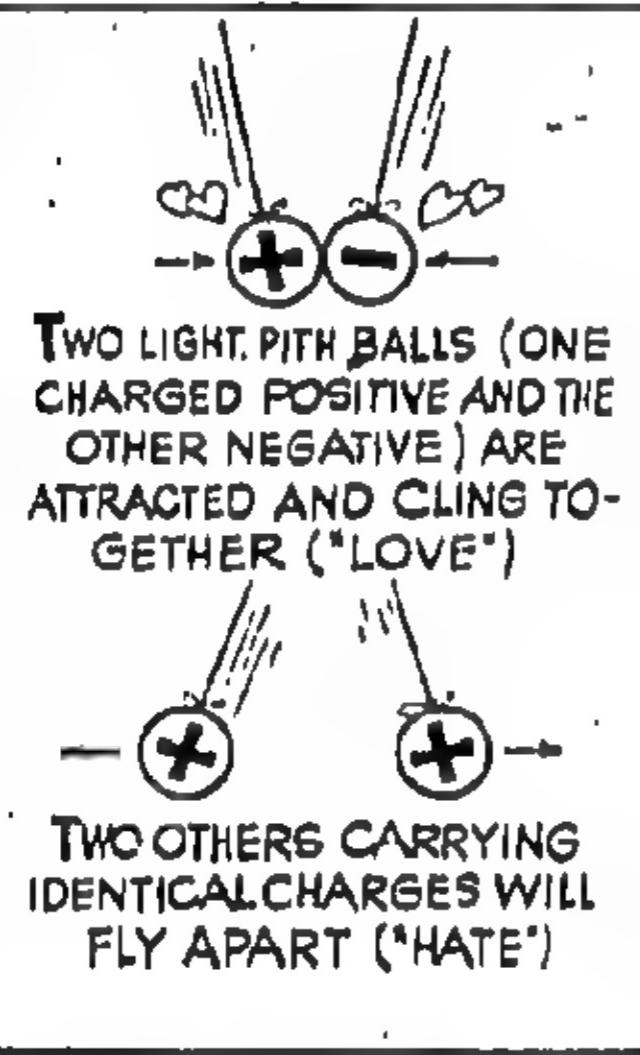
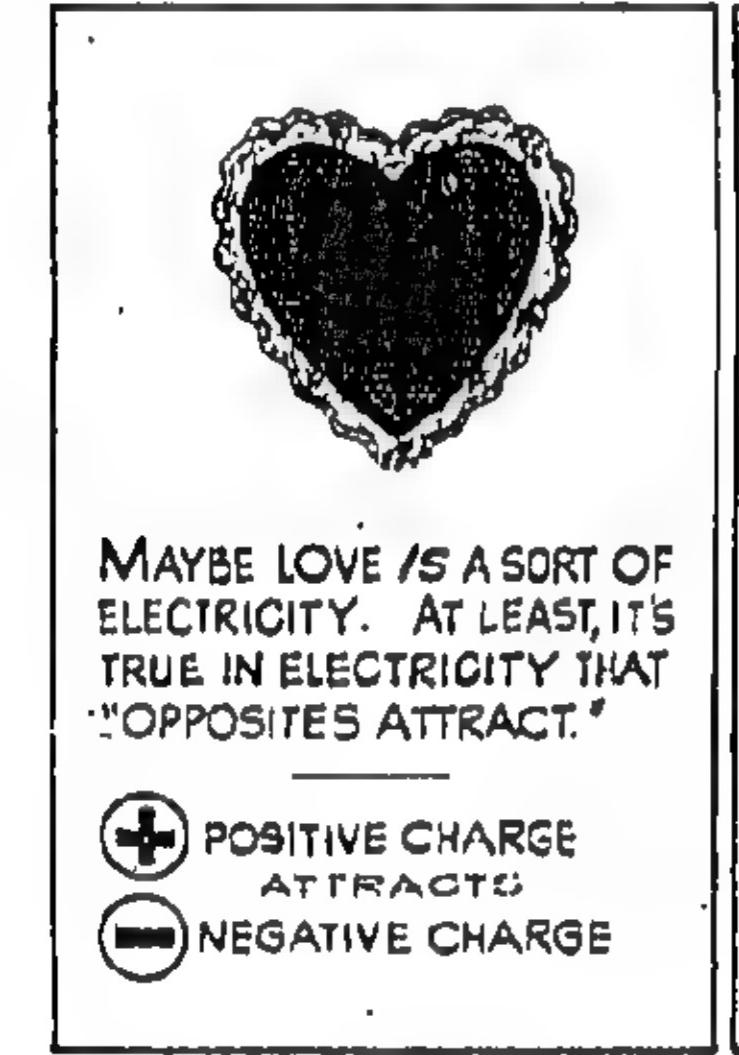
True to his promise, Gitchi Manitou placed the old warrior, Ah-nim-o-kee, the Thunderer, far beyond the rivers and mountains, and far beyond the seas. There according to the Chippewa legend he sits with his back to the earth, always ready for the signal from the Great Spirit.

—Louise Jean Walker

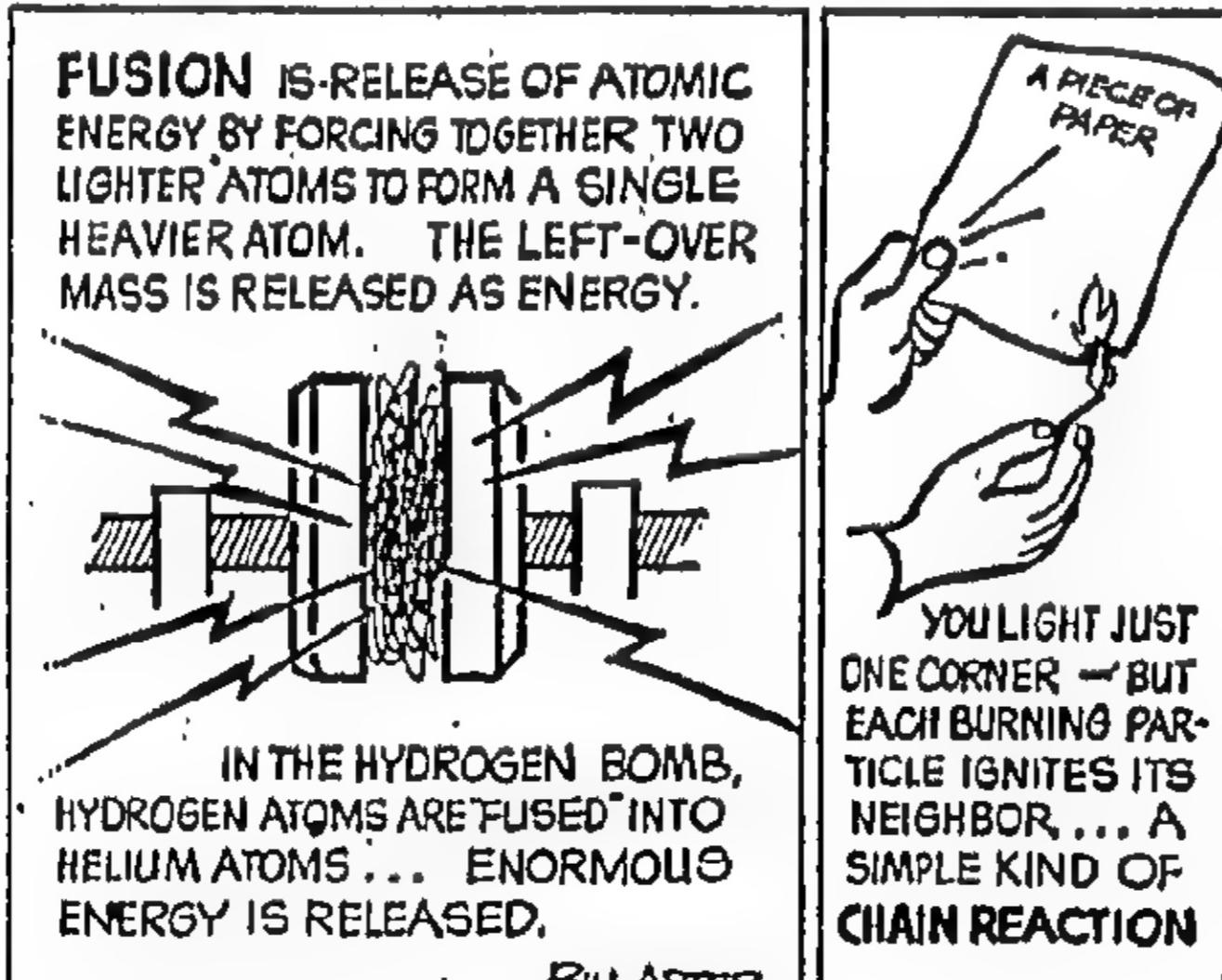
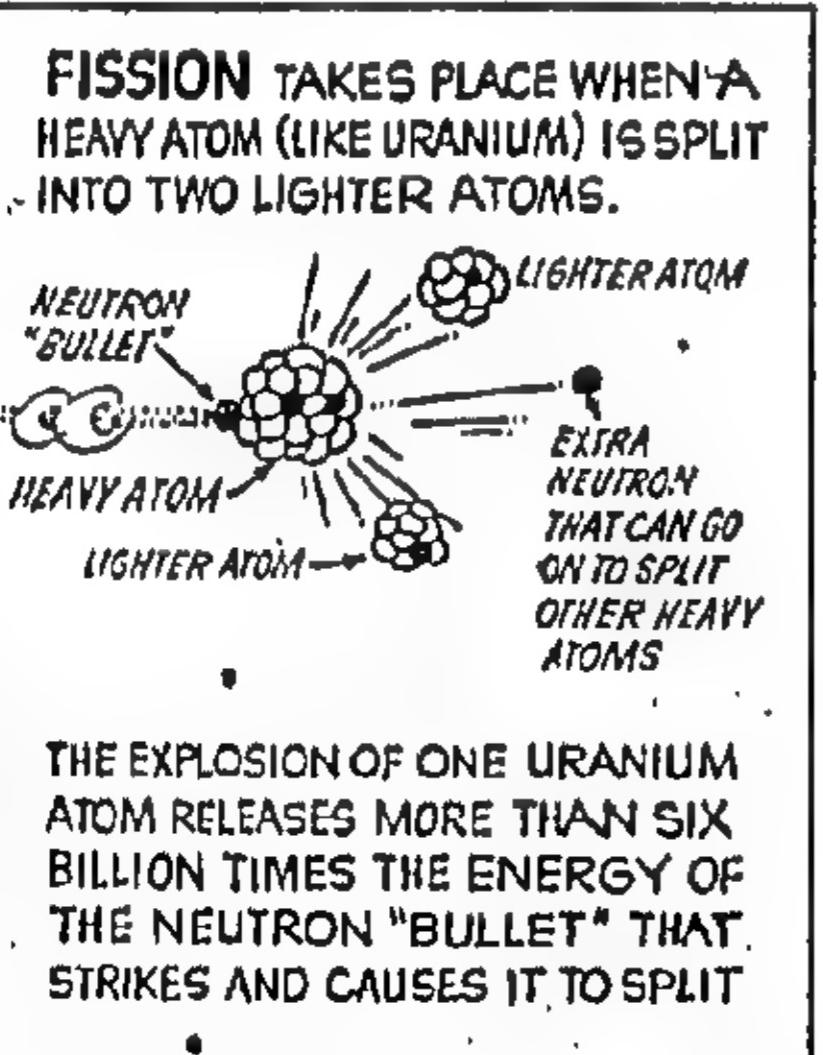
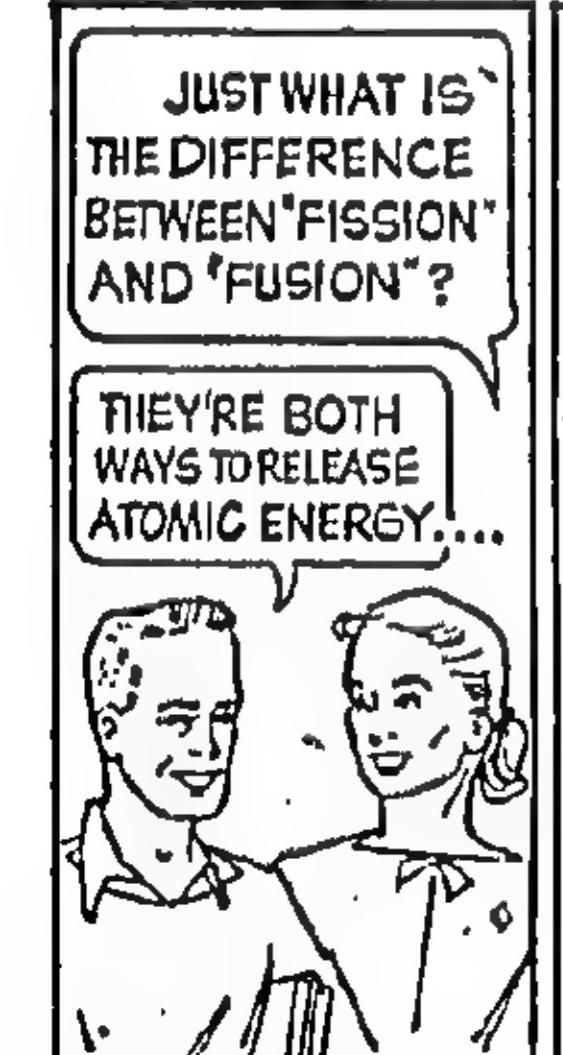


land and sea, but I alone have power over the sun and the moon to make crops grow and trees to bear fruit.

Love And Electricity Combine



WHAT FISSION, FUSION MEAN



Meet The Caterpillar Tycoon

A COUPLE of years ago a husky freckled-faced 12-year-old Cedar Rapids, Iowa boy launched his own business. Today at 14, Mike Collins is owner of the largest caterpillar business in the entire United States and possibly the world.

Mike was probably born a naturalist or scientist, or maybe he was sheer juvenile curiosity. Whatever spiced the drive behind his business venture, Mike started collecting caterpillars.

He read everything he could find on the repulsive creatures—spent hours tending and feeding his vast collection, and often traded marbles and other valuable items with school chums who would discover a magnificent species that Mike could not resist.

LAST YEAR

LAST YEAR Mike staked his entire fortune on two advertisements which he placed in nature magazines. Next he got an after-school job and prepared to start up the long ladder of high finance.

His advertisements cost a lot of money and he had spent hours, even a couple of days or so in carefully wording and rewording them.

But he couldn't be sure—not when most girls screamed at the sight of his beloved caterpillars. And his mother was no better.

MIKE COLLINS OF CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA HAS DEVELOPED A MOST UNUSUAL MAIL ORDER BUSINESS.

MORE MAIL, MIKE—WHAT'RE YOU UP TO? MONKEY BUSINESS?

NO... CATERPILLAR!

NOW, HERE'S A CUTE LITTLE NUMBER!

EB! TAKE IT AWAY!

HE HAS FOUND THAT WHILE MOST GIRLS DO NOT GO FOR THE REPULSIVE LITTLE CREATURES, SOME OF HIS BEST CUSTOMERS BELONG TO THE FAIR SEX.

THE COLLINS RESIDENCE has a very large house—a wooden place with a dozen of so tall trees. The hundreds of white cheesecloth bags hanging from the trees gives it a "peculiar" look at night. But these little white cradles are important to the caterpillar business.

He raises about a dozen different species, many of them he has purchased for breeding from South America, India and various parts of the United States.

BE CAREFUL

"You have to be careful with them," Mike says. "Each species eats a certain kind of leaf."

Mike pointed to his ladder and began naming a dozen or so four-syllable words, the strange plants they eat.

Mike's busy season is the Autumn. The eggs are sent in aluminum tubes by air mail, so that they do not hatch enroute. Cocoons are mailed in cartons inside plastic envelope.

Mike has no time for much fun outside his hobby. He really should have a secretary to take care of the mail, but he's qualified to handle a half-a-dozen foreign languages.

He made big money on his rare specimens, selling the eggs at 50 cents a dozen.

Today, Mike's Coast-to-Coast Caterpillar Business is booming. He has a good-sized bank account, even the hire of a couple of his friends to help during his busy season. He pays 20 cents a dozen.

He had planned to charge them, too, real cheques.

—PEARL P. PUCKETT

Why King Nep Was Late

—A Round Little Fellow Of A Fish Kept Him Busy

By MAX TRELL

DOWN at the bend in the brook where the water flows under the old willow tree, Knarf and Hand, the Shadows with the Turned-about Names, sat on a mossy rock and waited.

"But he said he'd meet us here," Hand was saying to her brother.

"I hope nothing happened to him," said Knarf. "King Nep?"

For a moment, Knarf's voice echoed among the rocks on both sides of the brook. Then there was a ripple in the water and suddenly a frog sprang out from behind a tangle of cat-tails and landed on the bank of the brook a few feet off.

King Nep was no more than three inches high. He hardly looked like a king. Yet, once upon a time, long, long ago, people knew him as Neptune, Ruler of the Seven Seas. But hardly anyone believed in him any more and that's why he had grown so small.

"I'm sorry to be so late," he said. "I was King Nep," said King Nep. "And then I had to go down to the Gulf of Mexico to feed my Flying Fish."

"You have to go all around the world to feed your fish, don't you, King Nep?" Knarf asked.

"I don't mind it a bit," said King Nep. "I like all my fish to be well-fed and happy."

"But why were you delayed?" asked Hand.

"I was just coming to that," said King Nep. "What happened was this."

"I was in the Pacific Ocean, feeding some Angel Fish, when I felt something tugging at my coat—I mean the coat of my diving suit. I looked around.

There, lying at the mouth of a little rocky cave, was a round little fellow of a fish.

"Goldfish!" asked Knarf.

King Nep nodded.

Some Are Gold.

"Some of my fish are goldfish. But they're all swimming in a big lake in China. And then I



had to go to the middle of the Atlantic Ocean."

"What kind of fish did you have to feed there?" asked Hand.

"I had to feed my Sardines and my Herrings," said King Nep. "And then I had to go down to the Gulf of Mexico to feed my Flying Fish."

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There, lying at the mouth of a little rocky cave, was a round little fellow of a fish.

"Goldfish!" asked Knarf.

King Nep nodded.

"I felt in my pockets, I still had quite a bit of food left. So I gave that round little fellow of a fish a handful of food. But that wasn't enough for him. Oh no! He wanted more. So I gave him another handful—and another—and another—and more and more. And finally, I had no more food left. And still that round little fellow of a fish was hungry."

King Nep shook his head. "I finally had to go away. I'm sure he still keeps me in mind."

"What kind of a fish was that round little fellow of a fish?" Knarf asked.

"A young whale," replied King Nep.

"No wonder he couldn't get enough to eat!" Hand remarked.

Then they all laughed.

"But I like him just the same," said King Nep. "Like all my fish—the big ones, the little ones, the hungry ones and the well-fed ones. I want all of them to be happy."

One way to do this is to hold the car on the paper and trace it, then cut out.

Another way is to actually paste the car on the black paper and then cut around it. When you paste the black paper on your white card-board, you paste it with ink picture down so it will never be seen.

★ ★ ★

You can make all kinds of combinations by just collecting pictures.

"Can you make silhouettes from white paper and paste them on black?"

The answer is, "of course." In some ways it is easier by using typing carbon paper to trace the outline on the white paper.

Cut out the outline in a sheet of black paper or black board. Paste it on the edges. Then paste on a sheet of black paper or black board.

Save all your picture magazines and pictures from the newspaper. Use a large Manila envelope.

Let us start with the idea of an automobile. You want a picture of an automobile which you can get from an advertisement, cut it out and trim very carefully around the edges.

Purchase black paper in your stationery store. The object is that black paper.

Puzzle Pete's COLUMN

Trip to Uruguay

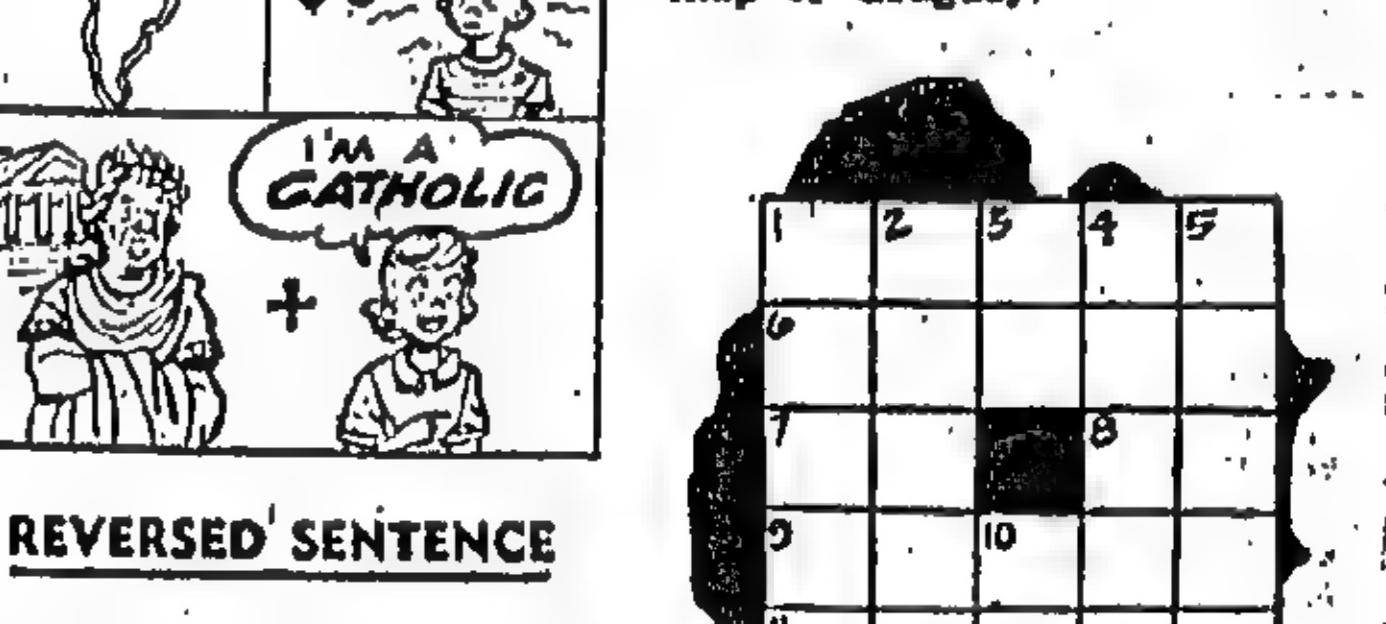
URUGUAY REBUSES

Puzzle Pete has hidden Uruguay's chief industry, as the name of his word "diamond". The second word is "through". Third "something found on bikini", fifth "spoon", and sixth "a youth". Use the clues to complete the diamond:

M
E
D
I
C
A
L

URUGUAYAN CROSSWORD

Curious Cal dressed up Puzzle Pete's crossword puzzle by drawing it on a silhouette map of Uruguay:



REVERSED SENTENCE

If you have trouble with

Puzzle Pete's sentence about Uruguay, start with the last word first:

1830, 18, July on constitution
first it adopted and 1825, 25,
August on independence it de-
clared Uruguay.

MIX-UPS

If you rearrange the letters

in each line correctly, you'll

find "the capital city of Urug-
uay," "what kind of republic
it is," and "something about its

size."

DOME TO VINE
TEND INN DEEP
ELMS LAST

(Solutions on Page 20)

Rupert and the Early Bird - 3

Rupert is impressed, at

Rupert's question, "'I heard a

str

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

Fortune Smiled On British Master Painters

ONE MARRIED A COUNTESS WHO WALKED INTO HIS LANDSCAPE

MANY people believe, quite wrongly, that the master painters of the past lived in lonely garrets and derived little benefit from their work. It is true that Rembrandt ended his days in poverty. But this ill-fortune was certainly not shared by the great British artists of the 18th century, most of whom became wealthy and lived happy married lives.

There were, of course, exceptions, such as the eccentric George Morland, who although an industrious and successful painter, came to an unhappy end.

The son of an artist, Morland was born in London in 1763. For years he was driven so hard by his father that he became headstrong, and a drunkard while still young. He worked hard enough, however, to maintain a large household after his marriage to Anne Ward. But gradually he became more and

more spendthrift and eventually a bankrupt.

Joseph Turner, the son of a baker, was just the reverse of Morland. He was a short and stout, crooked-legged and red-faced, and there was no romance in his life. His two passions were to excel as an artist and to keep himself to himself. But he worked incessantly and hoarded his wealth, leaving a fortune of £140,000 when he died at the age of 76.

Another artist knight, Sir Joshua Reynolds, born in Devon in 1723, was like Hogarth in appearance. He was a small, insignificant and ugly but liked to strut about in brightly-coloured clothes.

Traitors' Heads

As a boy, his greatest diversion was watching the faces of people who crowded the narrow streets of London. When the heads of traitors were stuck high on Temple Bar, a man with a telescope would charge a half-penny for a closer view. Young Hogarth seized this opportunity to draw the expressions on the watching faces. Later he worked as a metal engineer, and took drawing lessons.

In 1729, the London art world was startled to hear that the queen Hogarth had eloped with Jane, the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, the famous painter of murals. Sir James was furious, but he need not have worried about his daughter's future. Hogarth soon prospered and had two fine houses in London.

Tall and handsome John Constable also met opposition when he fell in love with Maria Bicknell, grand-daughter of the vicar of East Bergholt, Suffolk. Five years of secret courtship took place before their marriage. It was a village romance, as the artist was born in East Bergholt, Suffolk, in 1776. His father was a miller and the only man in the village with any feeling for art was the local plumber. John and he became great friends, and the plumber helped John with his first landscapes.

Beautiful Woman

Although he had periods of ill-health, Constable was very successful and much of his work was exhibited in France, where he was given a medal by the king.

Sir Henry Raeburn, the great Scottish painter, was lost as an orphan when he was very young, but he was cared for by a kindly woman and received a good education. Apprenticed to a goldsmith, he became a promising self-taught artist. He grew into a fine man, well over six feet tall, with striking features. Charming and unaffected, he was soon well-known in the houses of the wealthy, and they often sat for him.

In 1778, when Raeburn was 22, he met the girl of his dreams in the most romantic way. She was the Countess Leslie and she walked him in landscape scenes while sketching near Edinburgh. It was love at first sight, and soon afterwards the Countess called at his studio to ask to have her portrait painted. Two months later the couple were married and had a very happy and comfortable life.

Knighted in 1822, Raeburn was appointed the king's limner and painter in Scotland. It was a quaint honour which came too late for him to enjoy, as he died the following year.

A beautiful woman also brought great happiness and stability to Thomas Gainsborough, who was born in Sudbury, Suffolk, in 1727. His first portrait, drawn when a boy, had an unattractive sitter. He re-drawn a striking likeness of a man about to cut a tree in an orchard.

TODAY'S QUESTION

Partner continues with a bid of three no-trump. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday



Go home
blacks

"Now there's an embarrassment for you, Tosh."

Battle of the Bottle

—and the sort of man who makes it so fierce

DID you have a drink last night? A soft drink?

If it was one of two dozen of the top names in the soft drink world, then you were taking part — without knowing it — in the biggest battle of the bottle that Britain has seen.

For today two of the really big groups in the soft drink world are talking in millions of pounds about taking over a smaller firm that makes the Corona soft drink.

On one side there is the Beecham combine. And on the other side there is the Schweppes group.

The giants in this business want to make sure that that drink you had last night was one of their products.

And the City pages show that the odds are on the mighty Beecham group winning. For the City knows the man behind it all.

Millions

I went to see him the other day. I stepped out of the Great West Road into the 10-storey centre block of Beecham House and went up in the chairman's lift to meet this boss of a £34,000,000 business empire.

Henry George Lazell. Fifty-five years old. His face lined with the creases that come from a ready smile. A sun-tanned, grey-haired man in a light grey suit and a silver-grey tie.

This blind devotion of a romantic wanderer, who spent years in France and Italy, kept him away from his home in Kendal, Westmorland, for 30 years. But all this time, Mary Romney, his sweet-natured wife, prayed for the return of her husband. She had married him at the outset of his career, when his work was confined to painting signboards.

As soon as Romney made enough money, he sold goodbye to Mary and their two children, and went to London to seek his fortune. Only twice during his prosperous years did he visit his family again. But when he was 60, his health failed. Broken in spirit, he eventually returned to Kendal. The ever-devoted Mary nursed him back to some semblance of health, but it was a tragically short reunion, as a year or so later Romney was dead.

One of the highest-paid of British artists was George Romney, who was born in 1754. He could also have had a lifetime of happy marriage, but like Lord Nelson, he fell under the spell of Emma, Lady Hamilton. Emma was one of his many famous sitters, and he called her "the divine lady."

Henry George Lazell. Fifty-five years old. His face lined with the creases that come from a ready smile. A sun-tanned, grey-haired man in a light grey suit and a silver-grey tie.

The chief. The new chairman of a group of businesses that sell dozens of different kinds of household names in medicines, chemicals, foods, hair-treatments, sweets, and drinks.

Sixteen factories here, 10 factories overseas, a profit of £6,000,000 last year and sales that still goes up and up.

The previous chairman, 76-year-old Lord Dovencourt, resigned last month to make way for this man who was his managing director for the past six years.

The secret

I put the old question — what is the secret of your success? But I added: "Did you ever think about it on your way up?"

He leaned back from his big, dark desk (he files, a blotting pad, a folder on American anti-trust laws and a sample tin of salts). He looked out to the roof garden and said: "I never analyzed what I wanted. I never made a target for myself."

It upset one maxim which I might have passed on for young men to cherish.

He recollects: "When I was a lad I got a job as a temporary civil servant because I thought it would give me an opportunity to play cricket in my spare time. I wanted to become a professional cricketer."

His dream of Lazell's great century of Lord's never came to anything. For men came back from the First World War to their Civil Service jobs and young Lazell was out of a job.

Lucky Yes

Looking back again over the path to the top, "First real job as a ledger clerk. It spent most of my spare time training myself."

market, confessed: "I don't think I can ever hope to make a deal like that in my life time again. I bought Lucozade for £90,000. We brought it out of the local shops and put it on sale everywhere. I won't tell you what the profits were last year — but they were about half of the Beecham Foods range."

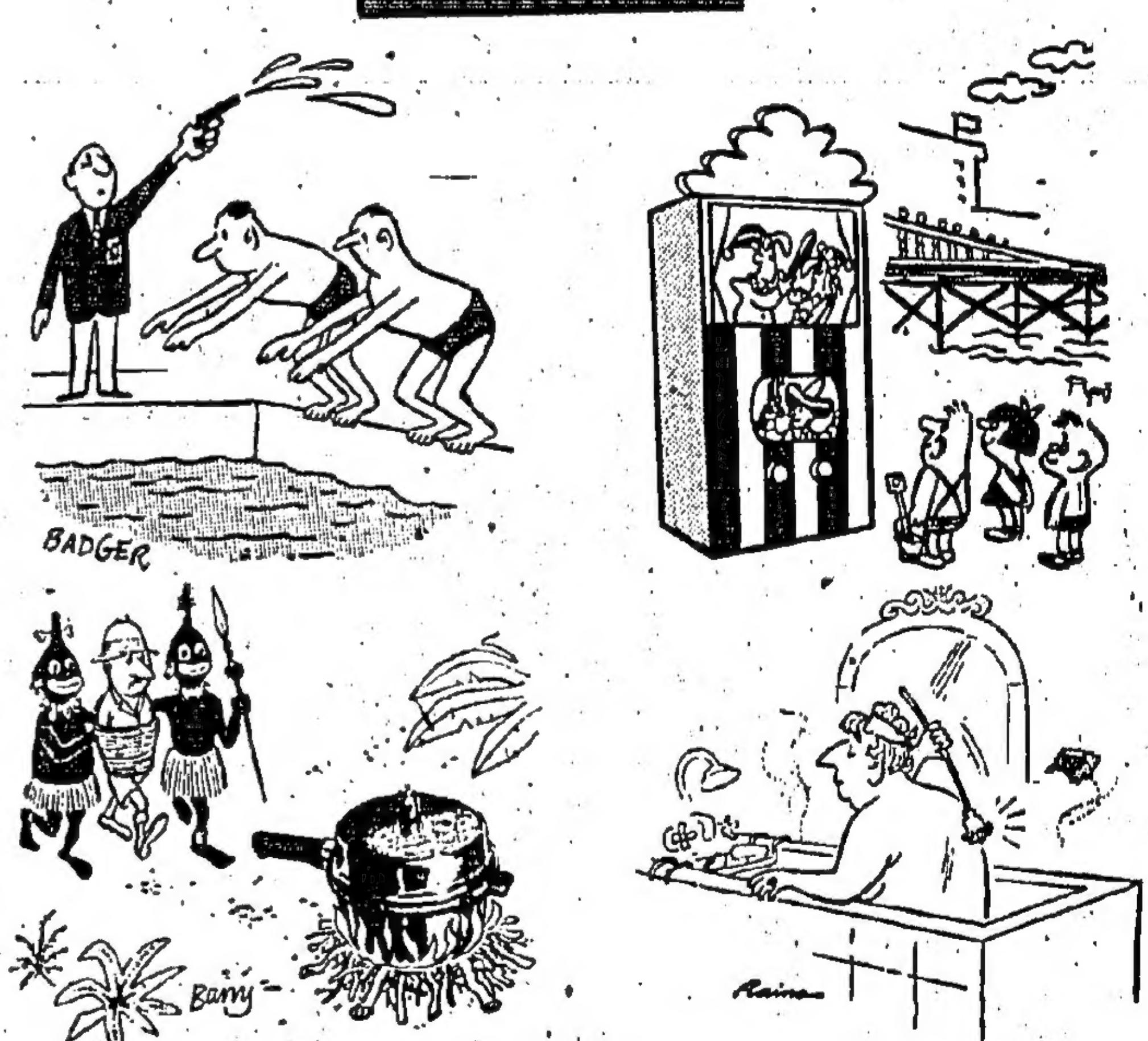
I'm not a City man but I reckon that the profit must have been near the £500,000 mark. Even if I'm wrong I can see how Henry George Lazell feels happy over the profits his group has made in nearly 20 years from "chicken-feed."

I don't want fame, he told me. "I don't taste — and creates — success all the same. He is eager to tell the world, not of himself, but of his goods."

His ambition — right at this moment — is to get a soft drink.

James
Bartlett

ZANIES

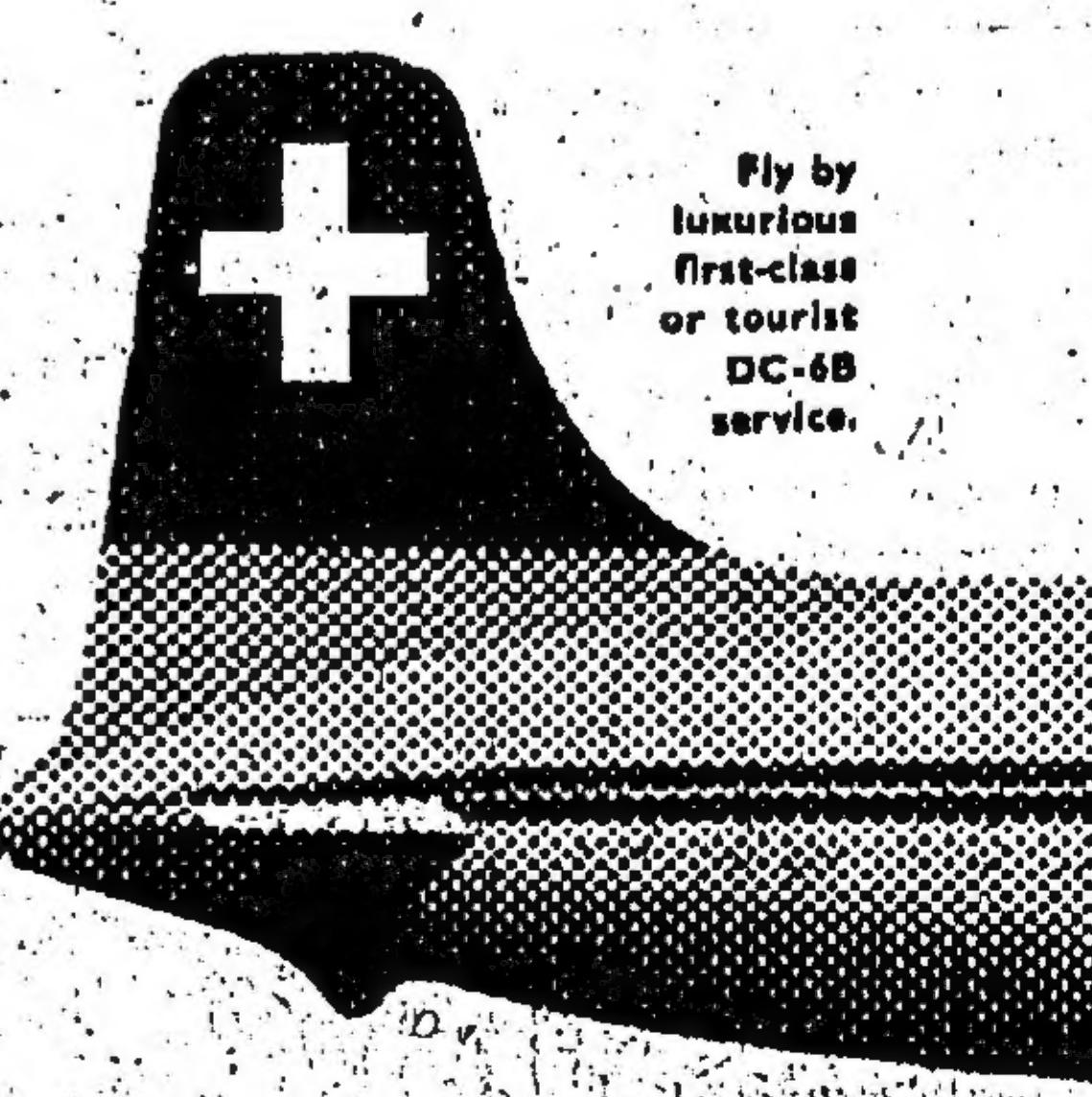


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"Hence we go to Notting Hill, to see the pictures."

NORTH	2		
♦ A ♠ 10 8 5 3			
♦ 2			
♦ 10 8 5 2			
♦ 4			
WEST EAST (D)			
♦ J 4	♦ 9 7 2		
♦ A K Q 10 8	♦ 9 7		
♦ 4 3	♦ 9 7 3		
♦ J 4	♦ A K Q 9 5		
♦ 2			
SOUTH			
♦ A K Q			
♦ J 9 5			
♦ A K Q			
♦ J 10 7 3			
No one vulnerable			
East	South	West	North
1 ♠	Pass	1 N.T.	Double Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead — ♠ A			

run his eight-card heart suit. After seven heart leads South was down to four clubs and two aces. The eighth heart lead squeezed him out of the ace of spades and West cashed the jack.

This time South threw away a club, whereupon West led a club and Joe made the rest of the trick with his clubs.

Incidentally, if anyone wants to know why North did not rescue his partner the answer is that I have been unable to figure out any reason in the 33 years since the hand was played.

CARD Sense

Q — The bidding has been:
South West North East
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass
2 N.T. Pass 2 ♠ Pass
? You, South, hold:
♦ A ♠ Q 9 8 ♠ K 10 9 ♠ 8 ♠ 7 6 5 4
What do you do?
A — Bid three spades. This bid shows the dog and interest in a man about to rob a tree in an orchard.

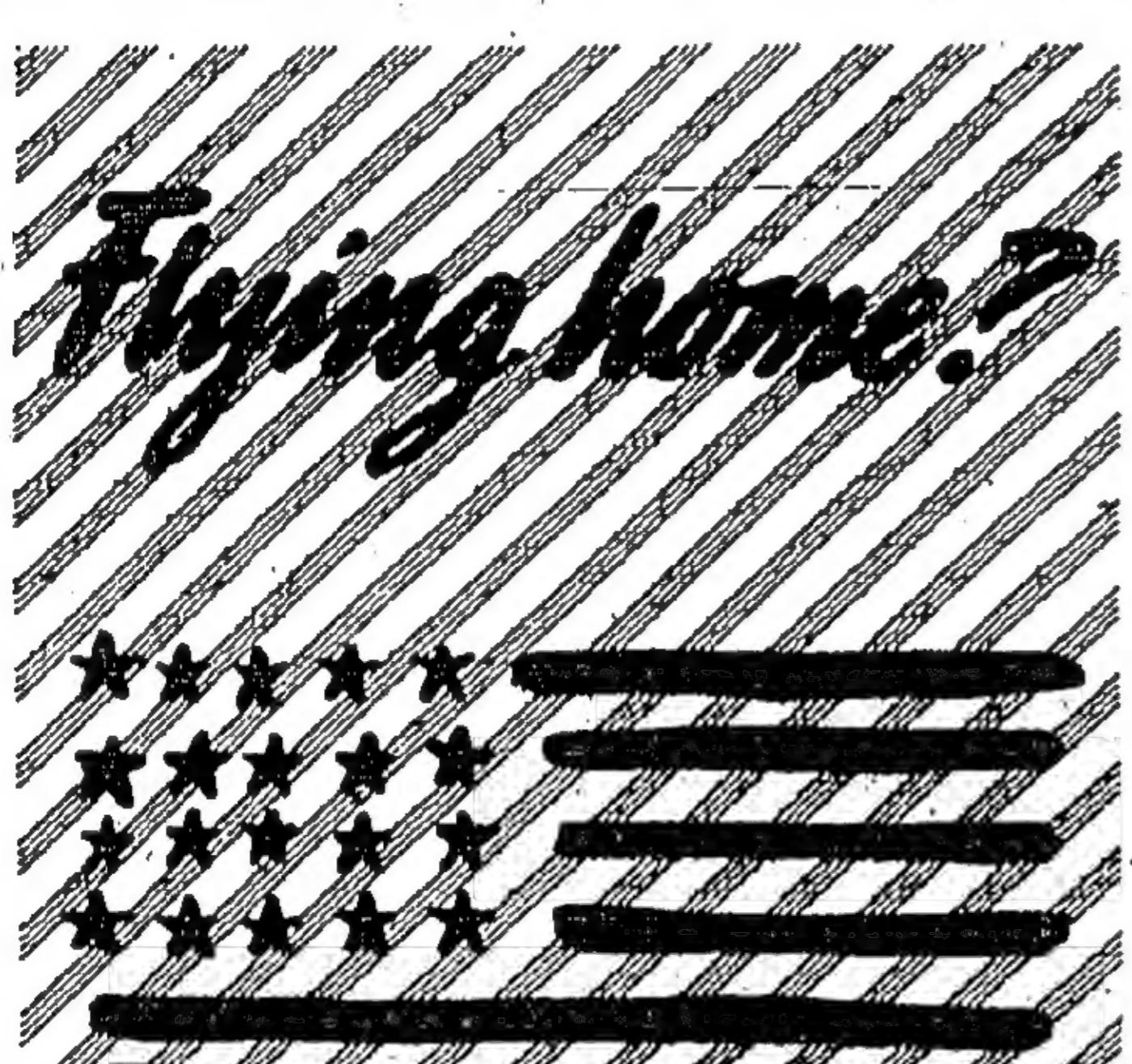
TODAY'S QUESTION

Partner continues with a bid of three no-trump. What do you do now?

Answer on Monday

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Men Who Changed Sport

THE FIRST OVER-ARM BOWLER

No-Balled Seven Times But He Altered Cricket Bowling Rule

By DEREK JOHN

The capacity crowd watching the match between the All-England XI and Surrey at the Oval one scorching day in August, 1862, was restless with excitement.

Already, England, batting first, had put up the staggering score of 503—a record at the time.

Three of England's batsmen between them had accounted for more than 300.

And then Surrey went in to bat. The county side's position seemed hopeless.

England's captain put Edgar Willsher on to bowl first. Willsher, tall and slim, was the demon bowler of his day. He had the previous year delivered 100 successive balls for only one run during a game between England's XI and the Brighton Club.

Willsher's long left arm delivered the first two overs without incident, and without conceding a single run.

Violated Law

But when he sent down the first ball of his third over, in a loud voice that was heard all over the stadium, the umpire, Mr. John Lillywhite, shouted: "No ball!"

Willsher thought it was a joke. But, in fact, he had violated a fundamental law of the game which, in those days of round-arm bowling, clearly stated that no bowler should deliver the ball from above shoulder height.

He walked back from the crease, smiling condescendingly at the umpire.

He sent his second ball straight down the middle. But his smile faded when the umpire shouted even more loudly: "No ball!"

It was the same next time—and the next. In all, he was no-balled seven times.

After that Willsher lost his temper. Angry, he flung the ball away from him. Then he stormed off the field.

All the other professionals in the England side followed.

An angry mob of spectators staged a noisy demonstration.

The rest of the players, silent and subdued, remained on the ground until stamps were drawn in the evening.

It was this incident that changed Law X of the Rules of Cricket—the law which forbade bowlers to lift their bowling arm above shoulder height during their delivery.

Rule Pointless

Willsher, in common with many bowlers of his day, had considered the rule pointless.

After long discussion, the ruling authorities of cricket announced on June 10, 1864, that all restrictions "as to height of hand in delivery" were abolished.

Willsher, born at Rovenden, Kent, on November 22, 1828, started his cricket career at the age of nine.

He was the son of a former—youngest of 14 children.

At the age of 13, Willsher, already showing promise as an all-round cricketer, was invited to play for the Guildhurst Boys XI.

Later, the Bearsted Cricket Club selected him to play regularly for its team, and he held his place until 1850.

He made his first-class debut with the Kent county side in the 1850 season.

A Favourite

His fast and rippling round-arm bowling made him a favourite with cricket fans all over England, and it was not long before he was invited to play for his country.

Today, Willsher's style would probably strike no fear into batsmen. But in his day, his bowling, delivered after a short fast walk to the crease, with a twist from the leg to the off, had the

best batsmen in the country baffled.

A contemporary chronicler described Willsher's bowling as "brilliant in the extreme."

As a batsman, Willsher was a forceful, steady hitter.

Willsher appeared with Kent for over 25 years.

Even after his retirement from the active list, he could not keep away from the game.

For a while he managed the Princess Ground, London, and later became an umpire of first-class matches.

Willsher died on October 7, 1895, aged 56.

He is buried at Lewisham Cemetery.

His Epitaph

On his tombstone are inscribed the following words:

"Sacred to the memory of Edgar Willsher, cricketer, who played for his native county, Kent, for over a quarter of a century.... This stone was erected to his memory by a great

number of those who had witnessed his brilliant performances in the cricket field and who respected his sterling qualities..."

Many years after his death, a story circulated in cricket circles that the 1862 incident at The Oval had been deliberately planned by Willsher and Lillywhite to force the authorities to take action.

Close Friends

It was well-known that both men had been close friends for years.

It was also common knowledge that Lillywhite had often told Willsher in public that if he ever umpired a match in which Willsher was playing, he would hit him every time.

The truth will never be known.

But Willsher's name must go down in cricket history as the man who changed Law X—and gave the game a "new look" in bowling.

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Ted Fenton Was "Terrified" When He First Joined West Ham BOY TO BOSS—IN SOCCER'S FAMILY TEAM

By ALAN HOBY

A PALE, dark-haired boy, big for his age, walked along a passage at the Boleyn Football Ground, Upton Park. Nervously he paused at the door of the manager's office and knocked. "Come in," boomed a voice. The boy went in....

Inside, a man with a moustache like an angry bath brush looked up and rumbled: "Well, boy, how do you like it here?"

Willsher's reply was brief.

Without waiting for a reply, the man with the moustache—his name was Syd King—handed the boy his first week's wages—15 shillings.

That was in 1930—when Ted Fenton was 16. It was also just two seasons before West Ham United were relegated to the Second Division—a disaster the fledgling Fenton was never to forget.

Today, 28 years and one world war later, that anxious ground staff boy is himself the Boss—at a four-figure salary—in sole and confident charge of the happiest family team in football.

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(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED)

progressive West Ham design for better football.

Fenton also believes in creating fan atmosphere. When play flags in the cockney cauldron of Upton Park, the trumpet on the terraces blasts out the "Post-horn Gallop."

If I knew the answer I would be a rich man. But one thing I do know:—

Apart from two years at Colchester as player-manager, Ted Fenton has been with West Ham—first as player, assistant manager and now manager—all his football life. The continued success of West Ham is as necessary and urgent to him as breathing and eating.

The ex-ground staff boy who was "terrified" of his first boss has one objective—to get to the top...fast.

The trumpeter

This trumpet tooting is no accident. The "Post-horn Gallop" is the West Ham theme song—a long-established rallying call—and you have only to stand on the terracing terrace to hear the "chicken run" (so-called) of the main stand, to feel the electric effect.

"JULEGENOK—that's the keynote at West Ham," he said. "Speed of thought and movement, intelligent building up, keeping 40-yard moves out of defense—like in chess, I play chess."

"BIX formula—the West Ham formula—is based on the old-time flying winger—on the style of fliers like Ruffell, Cliff Bastin, Joe Hulme, Eric Brook, and Sammy Crook.

"It's almost a dead art in modern football, but I think we're bringing it alive again at West Ham through Malcolm Muggeridge and Mike Grice."

No 'bashers'

At centre-forward, Fenton goes back to old-fashioned football leaders like Dixie Dean and Vic Watson for his inspiration.

Watson and Dean had the line together. So does Vic Reggie with West Ham today.

"I won't have bashers," declares Fenton, and cited Hockridge, the great wing-half, as the most popular post-war centre-forward product.

In training, Fenton shows the same restless improvisation and zeal. "After the Wolves match I was out next morning, stripped, and training with the team."

Part of the elastic and over-changing "Fenton Formula" is his weekly "Potted Sports" training tournament, which is planned to improve individual skills and ball control.

West Ham stars practise "chipping" over an 18-inch square platform, dribbling round poles in a certain time (the old Stan Matthews trick), and driving racing cross-disk plates through a specially marked square.

To stimulate initiative there is an individual points table. Not new, perhaps, but all part of the

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SATURDAY SPORTS SPOT

South China Caught Up In A Web Of Their Own Spinning?

By I. M. MACTAVISH

The recent experience of South China in India and Burma brings home in the most graphic way the complices which are today strangling the best intentions and ideals of international sport.

Only the most ostrich minded—or the most naive—of individuals can be ignorant of the powerful and persistent influences which have diverted sport from its intended path...and it would be foolish to pretend that we can escape them here in Hongkong.

It is probably true in fact to say that our affairs are even more complicated than those of most other countries and it is surely becoming obvious that Colony touring teams are not only facing greater difficulties, but also carrying a greater burden of responsibility, and in consequence require much closer watching than ever before.

Just That

South China have, according to many enlightened persons, been caught up in a web of their own spinning and these same people maintain that a Hongkong team on tour should be just that and nothing more. Make no mistake about the fact that as a genuine un-garnished HONGKONG team South China would have been welcome visitors in both India and Burma.

Some reports would seem to indicate that on occasions South China aspired to something different and as a result they tumbled into the dark canyon of embarrassment that eventually

saddled their road. There are eyes and ears everywhere these days.

All the threats of legal action against various organisations will not cloud the real issue and there can surely be little doubt that great countries like India and Burma would not have acted as they did without good cause and without the most reliable evidence to support their decision.

Greatest Sympathy

One can only have the greatest individual sympathy for South China's players. They are enmeshed in difficult entanglements and many of them were probably completely innocent in act or intention...

And those players who are Hongkong international representatives are entitled to feel particularly bitter.

It is a sad indictment of our day and age that such things should be so...but regrettably they are, and those who control

our football affairs must be ready to admit them and see that permits to tour are granted only after the closest examination of the itinerary...and the team personnel involved.

FA Sponsored Tours?

A suggestion was made to me yesterday that with KMB, Kwong Wah and South China in mind it might be timely for the HKFA to put a temporary stop to tours by individual clubs and restrict these overseas activities to bona fide representative sides sponsored by the FA itself...or, if desired, by the CFA or the CAAF.

By this means greater importance would be given to the tour and greater prestige imparted to the players and officials involved. Much greater control would also be possible.

As official representative teams our travelling footballers might be spared the treatment which has been handed out to South China.

★ ★ ★
A trip to the area of the Missions to Seamen during the week would have done the old pugilistic peoplers the world of good.

Last Saturday I wrote about the coaching course being run by the Army and I am glad to report that according to the men in charge it has been a great success...in fact it has been a much greater success than even the keenest planners anticipated.

This was no 'normal office hours' affair. The boxing activities were continued each evening and the facilities were then extended to include a number of civilians sponsored by the HKABA which is encouraging them to qualify as ring-officials.

Boxing in Hongkong will benefit greatly from the enterprise which has been shown by the organisers of this current course.

I predict we are going to have a first class fistie season.

★ ★ ★
The Colony softball season will open officially tomorrow.

To the men who bunt, barrack, and bang horns over the fence this is the big day. It is also a great occa-

sion for the vociferous fans who pack the King's Park stands to cheer their favourites and "razz" the opposition.

Elsewhere the experts have assessed the season's prospects and dissecting the players with uncanny accuracy.

I make no pretence of being a "holt" fan but somehow I never cease to marvel at the enthusiasm with which the game generates among its adherents.

And if you are one of the uninitiated I would like to suggest that you make the trip to King's Park for the opening ceremony tomorrow.

Television Coverage

You will not be disappointed. All the traditional trimmings will be there—players, officials, and cheerleaders in a big parade headed by the Hongkong Police Band.

The usual battery of sports-writers and cameramen will be in attendance and this year, for the first time, the television cameras will be present to carry the colourful parade to a bigger audience than ever before.

Incidentally the stay at home audiences will have the scene described to them by popular tharold Winstone who has been a power of strength in the Hongkong Softball Association for so many years.

★ ★ ★
What reward can an amateur sportsman receive and still maintain his amateur status?

That has been in many minds during the last week or two by happenings in widely separated parts of the world.

In Europe a strong move has been launched to increase the permissible value of prizes from £12 to £40 and, while it is reported that there is plenty of support for the proposal, there are many who see it as the thin edge of the wedge to make the value of the reward the real reason for participation rather than the possibility of winning for winning's sake.

While all that was happening a small paragraph in a newspaper stated that a present of wrist watches had been made to the successful Malayan

footballers. In these days it is difficult to imagine anyone being able to obtain the type of watch which is usually associated with presentations for the equivalent of £12.

It is easy to recall the outburst which surrounded KMB just over a year ago when it was alleged that the players had been the recipients of certain gifts from their President and one must wonder what senior officials are discreet in allowing their names to be directly connected with such happenings.

Another Incident

In the case of the Malayan players there may be no cause for genuine comment as regards the value of the gifts they have received but another incident which has occurred in a more distant part of the world shows that ways and means are sometimes sought to circumvent the spirit of the rules of amateurism.

In preparing its representatives for participation in an important international competition one country is reported to have "clothed" its athletes in the best uniforms that money could buy and had included a gold watch in each individual issue in order that the representatives' appearances would be both pleasing and prompt.

Makes you think...doesn't it?

★ ★ ★
Once again it is my pleasure to offer congratulations to popular Helen Kwong who is on the verge of a Colony record which—if she is successful in setting it up—may stand unchallenged for many years to come.

Miss Kwong has already been a Colony Triples Champion at Badminton and in the current Lawn Bowls Championships she has so far collected the honours in the Singles and Triples events with the pairs final due to be played off tomorrow.

Her partnership with Mrs Selina Silva is a very powerful one and it would be a major upset if they failed to win.

Nothing is so uncertain as a sporting result...but if the form book proves to be reliable we should be hailing a wonderful test of consistency and versatility tomorrow evening with Miss Kwong twice a triples champion.

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Three Bowls Finals This Week-end

Three more events of the 1958 Colony lawn bowls Open Championship will be concluded this week-end, leaving only the Men's singles final to be fought out on Saturday, September 20 before the curtain wings down on the Championships season.

This afternoon the Hongkong Cricket Club green may be the scene of a record feat—as Cricketers' Mrs. Helen Kwong and Mrs. Selina Silva take on the CCC-KCC combination of Mrs. Marigle Ma and Mrs. Dennis Baker in the ladies' pairs final.

Helen has already won the ladies' singles and triples title, and a win for her and her partner in this event will make her not only the first lady bowler to have won the lawn-bowls triple title but also the first sportswoman to be crowned triple champion in two sports—lawn bowls and badminton.

Favourites

As the holders of this year's title, she and Mrs. Silva will start as favourites in today's match. However, now that they have nothing to lose against such reputed opponents, Mrs. Ma and

By ROBERT TAY

Attracting not a little interest this week-end is also the Vitasite World singles championship play-off at Club de Recreio this evening by the Hongkong representative Raoul Luz.

This is a postal event, in which a competitor from each country chooses his own green and date to play off eight heads of four woods each.

Shaw and Macar have gained their berth in the final the hard way. Starting as a lowly odds-on outsider, they got through round after round with unexpected victories and last week claimed their biggest triumph so far when they eliminated KCC's Jack Chubb and T. E. Baker in the semi-final by 26-11.

World Singles

On their performances, this combination is fully capable of dethroning the champions, but their greatest standing block will probably be Francis Lee, who has never been bowling so well before us he is doing this season.



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THE GAMBOLS



By Barry Appleby



COOK BETTER MEALS



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Historic Chinese Stone Now Overlooks Airport

A CELEBRATED and historic Chinese stone known as Sung Wong Toi, which was moved from its original site during the building of Hongkong's new international airport at Kai Tak, now stands in the centre of a small public garden at the junction of Tam Kung Road and Sung Wong Toi Road adjacent to the airport.

The stone is a huge granite boulder on one face of which is inscribed the three characters "Sung Wong Toi" (literally translated as the Terrace of a Sung Dynasty Emperor). This inscription is believed to be more than 600 years old.

In The Way

The small hill on which the boulder originally stood was in the way of the Kai Tak Airport development scheme lying more or less directly across the northern end of the new runway, and in 1955 the Hongkong Government decided to preserve the rock as another of the Colony's historic sites.

by a Special Correspondent

As the portion of the boulder bearing the inscription itself weighed about 1,000 tons, making its removal extremely difficult and costly, it was decided to split the stone yet again and to re-erect it in the new public garden, easily accessible to the public.

Genuine

It is not known when precisely the three large characters "Sung Wong Toi" were carved on the huge granite boulder, but they are believed to be a genuine inscription of the Sung period.

The characters, having become nearly defaced in course of time, were restored at the beginning of the 10th Century by order of the then Viceroy

of Canton. The date of this restoration is recorded in a separate inscription, characters of which are arranged perpendicularly.

The Stone's Story

According to legend, about the year AD 1279, when the Sung Dynasty was overthrown by the Mongols under Kublai Khan, the last Emperor of the Sung Dynasty, Ti Ping, then a lad of

about eleven, was driven with the Imperial Court to South China and finally compelled to take refuge on board a ship on which he continued his flight, accompanied by the remnants of the Sung fleet.

Sailing from Foochow, he eventually reached the waters of Hongkong and landed in Kowloon Bay near what later became the village of Ma Tau Chung. Tradition says that the Imperial troops camped for some time, probably for almost a year, on the hill on which the stone stood, whilst the Court lived in a roughly-constructed wooden palace erected a short distance away.

Then when news was received that a Mongol fleet had set sail for Kowloon, the Emperor and his own fleet moved onwards to

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Unexpected Golden Wedding Gift For Churchills

London, Sept. 12.

Sir Winston and Lady Churchill received an unexpected Golden Wedding present at the Doncaster races today.

It was the first prize in the Portland handicap, the big race of the day to which £3,000 had been added in prize money.

Sir Winston Churchill's Welsh Abbot ridden by Stan Clayton won at 100 to nine.—China Mail Special.

Prize Fight Stopped

REDFIFFUSION

11.30 a.m. "Granford", Part 1—Stopped "Payment"; 1 p.m. Noon Time; 12.30 p.m. Three Men On A Bike—Joe Williams, Mel Williams, Eddie Murphy; 1.30 Weather Report; News Caper; 1st Weather Report; News and Special Announcements; 1.30, George Formby and His Orchestra; 1st Saturday Requests; Program by Nick Kinski; 3. Philo Vance—Episode 43—"The Cipher Murder"; 3.30 p.m. Page Intermission; The Big Record; 4. Songs of The Prairie; 4.30, Rhythm Parade; 5.30, Melody Makers; 6. Birthday Parade; 7. The Stars—Victor Borg; 7. Fiesta Time; 7.30, Mantovani; Memories; 8.30, Song Parade; 9.30, The Weather Report; News; 9.30, Weather Forecast; Announcements and Interlude; 10.30, George Formby and His Orchestra; 10.30, Voice Of Shire; 11.30 Parade; 11.30, Music From Maxim's; 12.30, Show Open House—Starring Leslie Bricusse and Dorothy Lamour; I Remember When—Starling Paul Whiteman; 11. Dance Party; 12 Mid-night, Close Down.

This would be forfeited if the planned fight took place.

At the end of the hearing at the suggestion of the magistrates, the two boxers shook hands.

—China Mail Special.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS:

URUGUAY REBUSES: Stock raising: Roman Catholic.

REVERSED SENTENCE: Uruguay declared its independence on August 25, 1825, and adopted its first constitution on July 18, 1830.

MIX-UPS: Montevideo; independent; smallest.

URUGUAYAN DIAMOND:

PER PEDAL MEDICAL LAD.

"L."

URUGUAYAN CROSSWORD:

SOUTH MARIE IT MA LE PER EN IDE

—SOUTH MAR